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JAPAN AND GERMANY

(IN THE LIGHT OF THE HOHENZOLLERN PLOT TO INVADE AMERICA)

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ZIMMERMANN'S proposal, tinged with the bizarre, was indeed a far cry from the Japanese capture of the German stronghold Kiau-chow. Yet so ironical is fate that such a turn of affairs was not wholly unthinkable. Have not Russia and Japan, locked in deadly combat only a decade ago, become the closest of Allies?

Ever since the termination of the Russo-Japanese War, there has been in England much dissatisfaction over the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the British complaint has recently been amply reciprocated in the columns of Japanese newspapers. On the other hand Germany, recovering from the temporary shock of the fall of Kiau-chow, seems disposed to take Japan's rise in Far-Eastern politics as an inevitable course of events and to deal with her in a new spirit.

Prior to the War, the German elements in this country had no more reason to be hostile towards Japan than had the pure American stock. With Kiau-chow, Germany's military and commercial base of operation in the Orient, seized by the Japanese, the feeling of the German-Americans has been deeply stirred, and to-day many are extremely outspoken in condemning the Japanese. If they are determined to avenge the Fatherland for the wrongs which they think

it has suffered at the hands of the Japanese, they are capable of doing incalculable injury to the amicable relations between Japan and this country. The bold propaganda, which they have been carrying on in the interest of their native land ever since the beginning of the War, furnishes an indication of the length they may go in their agitation against Japan, once they make up their minds to estrange the two countries. *Such a policy, it cannot be too strongly emphasized, would be to bite off their noses to spite their faces, for it can result only in aiding in the further elimination of German influence in the Orient.* If Germany wishes to retain what is left of her former great influence in the Far-East, and to build thereupon a new trade and a new prestige, it is of the foremost importance that she should frankly admit her past blunders and readjust her Oriental policy along new lines; for German diplomacy, with all its shrewdness, most certainly erred in dealing with the Japanese.

By pointing out such blunders it is my hope that the German-Americans will not fail to see justification for the fear which Japan has long entertained towards Germany, culminating in the recent campaign against Kiau-chow. Officially, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was offered as the reason for that campaign, and indeed Japan would not have attacked Kiau-chow had it not been for the Alliance. But he is near-sighted who fails to see that the more important reason lay in the great danger which Japan had discerned in the German policy in the Far-East. To drive this home to the reader I must explain the fundamental principle upon which German diplomacy in the Orient was founded.

That fundamental principle was voiced by Prince Bismarck when he told Prince von Bulow: "In Russia there is a serious amount of unrest and agitation for territorial expansion, which may easily result in an explosion. It would be best for the peace of the world if the explosion took place in Asia and not in Europe. We must be careful not to stand in the way, otherwise we may have to bear the brunt of it."

In these few words the Iron Chancellor set forth Germany's fundamental policy in the Far-East. The conversa-

tion took place towards the end of the Eighties, and in the Nineties this fundamental policy began to show itself in German activities in Eastern Asia.

There is not a shadow of doubt that the principle laid down by Bismarck has been closely followed by the Kaiser. It explains the *raison d'être* of that historic picture of the Yellow Peril painted by the versatile German Emperor. It furnishes a key to the general attitude of Germany towards Japan. It shows why Germany seemed always anxious to divert Russia's attention towards the Far-East.

It would be scandalous to presume that the Kaiser was foolish enough to believe even for a moment that the Japanese, rallying all the fighting forces of Asia, would tramp across the continent and trample under his feet any territory west of the Urals. Only a perverted mind could conceive such a case. In no other light than that of the fundamental principle upon which Germany's Far-Eastern policy is established can we account for the Kaiser's picture of the Yellow Peril.

It is all very well for Germany to try to avoid the brunt of Russian ambition, but in doing this she must not again resort to such a sordid scheme as that adopted in the present exigency. To attempt to secure for herself peace and prosperity is both a diplomatic crime and a political immorality. We can understand and even sympathize with Germany in her efforts to turn Russian attention towards the Orient, but Germany ought to know that the Japanese prizes his independence and security just as much as the German prizes his own.

While, on the one hand, conspiring to divert Russian ambition to the Far-East, German diplomacy was at work to prevent the establishment of harmonious relations between China and Japan. Says General Friedrich von Bernhardi: "The political rivalry between the two nations of the yellow race must be kept alive. If they are antagonistic, they will both probably look for help against each other in their relations with Europe, and thus enable the European Powers to retain their possessions in Asia." This frank utterance,

coupled with the confession of Prince von Bulow, leaves no room to doubt that Germany's Far-Eastern policy was based upon the theory that Asia must remain the happy hunting ground of European nations.

It is this political immorality practised by the military and bureaucratic leaders at Berlin which Japan has fought. The Japanese entertain no animosity towards individual Germans. Japan has sent many students to German universities and has welcomed many German scholars and experts for her educational institutions and her various governmental departments. And Japan is sincerely grateful for all that German civilization has done for her. This accounts for the absence of enthusiasm over the Japanese victory at Kiau-chow.

It was a feeling of fear rather than a sentiment of animosity which actuated the Japanese to declare war upon Germany and join hands with Great Britain in observance of the terms of the Alliance. It is unjust to say that the Japanese are nursing rancor and are reluctant to forgive Germany for robbing them of the spoils of the war with China. *Had Germany only refrained from constantly assuming a provocative attitude towards us during the past twenty years, we would have been but too glad to forget the Liao-tung incident and the grim picture of the Yellow Peril which had done much to prejudice the whole Occident against the Japanese and other Asiatic peoples.*

When, therefore, a Japanese asserts that Germany is a " menace " to his country, he is not repeating the stereotyped diplomatic cant which has of late become the byword of writers and speakers on the European situation. *On the contrary, he has substantial evidence to prove this assertion.* And in proving it he does not necessarily point to the German seizure of Kiau-chow or to the German interference with the Chino-Japanese peace terms, for these are merely a few of many manifestations of the fundamental Far-Eastern policy of the Wilhelmstrasse so clearly described by Bismarck and von Bulow.

When the Kaiser, hand-in-glove with the Czar and the

French, deprived the Mikado of the Liao-tung peninsula, the Japanese, not yet well versed in the diplomatic policies of Europe, could not clearly understand why Germany of all Powers should be the prime mover in that sordid scheme to bully them out of the spoils of war. Only vaguely did they suspect the German desire to ingratiate herself into Russia's favor.

We now know that Germany, in driving the Japanese out the Liao-tung peninsula, had a twofold aim in view: first, she wanted to win the Czar's good will by clearing Russia's way of Eastern advance; and secondly, she wanted Russia to occupy the peninsula so that the Muscovite would not raise objection to the seizure of Kiau-chow Bay which she was contemplating.

To drive this home, it seems not amiss to describe in detail how Germany ordered Japan out of the Liao-tung peninsula.

In the middle of April, 1895, Japan, after brilliant victories, concluded a peace treaty with China. On the day the treaty was signed at Shimonoseki between Prince Ito and Li Hing-chang, all Japan was celebrating the glorious termination of the war. Newsboys tore through the streets waving extras with the bold headlines: "China cedes Liao-tung peninsula!" The Rising Sun was flying over every house, and the cries of Banzai were heard before the palace of the Mikado.

Suddenly out of the blue came the report that Germany had approached Russia and France with a view to force the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula. The report was soon confirmed. Then the whole country was stricken with grief and prostrate with shame. Never was Japan's honor so ruthlessly outraged.

On the morning of April 23rd the German, French, and Russian Ministers at Tokyo deigned to present themselves, one after the other, at the Foreign Department, each bringing with him a note admonishing Japan for affronting the Powers by taking the Liao-tung peninsula. The German "advice" was of the most peremptory nature, and the mas-

terful, overbearing manner in which it was handed to the Foreign Department by the Kaiser's envoy is still a topic of conversation among the Japanese. The German Minister brought two copies of the advice, one in German, the other in the Japanese language transcribed in Roman letters.

The note was very brief and bluntly stated that the Japanese occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula was a menace to the Chinese capital and would jeopardize the peace of the Far-East. "Therefore," it concluded, "the German Government advises the Japanese Government to abandon the idea of occuping the territory."

The original note even contained such a threatening phrase as this: "Japan is weak; Germany is strong. The outcome of an armed conflict between the two countries is obvious."

Yes, Japan was weak at the time; wherefore she had perforce to swallow the medicine so kindly administered by Germany—to make her strong. Like a docile youth, Japan accepted the advice of the three Powers and on May 10, 1895, the Mikado issued the following rescript:

"Devoted as we unalterably are to the principles of peace, we were constrained to take up arms against China for no other reason than our desire to secure for the Orient an enduring peace.

"Now the friendly recommendation of the three Powers was equally prompted by the same desire. Consulting, therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire not to bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny, by creating a new competition and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration of peace, we do not hesitate to accept such recommendation.

"By concluding the treaty of peace, China has already shown her sincerity of regret for the violation of her engagements; and thereby the justice of our cause has been proclaimed to the world.

"Under the circumstances we can find nothing to impair the honor and dignity of our Empire if we now yield to the dictates of magnanimity and, taking into consideration the general situation, accept the advice of the friendly Powers."

Thus the Japanese withdrew, with what grace and dignity they could, from the peninsula. On the day the Imperial Rescript was issued, many a tragical scene was enacted

at Port Arthur, where the Japanese troops were still encamped. One officer killed himself in protest against the abandonment of Port Arthur. Many cut their fingers and with their own blood wrote petitions urging the Government not to be bullied by the Powers.

When the triple interference had become imminent, Japan earnestly requested England and America to employ their good offices and restrain the hands of the three Powers. But no aid was forthcoming. *Had England and the United States exercised their influence in Japan's favor, the titanic Manchurian struggle of* 1904 *would have been forestalled and Japan would not have declared war upon the Kaiser in the present world conflict.*

Germany's interference with the peace terms between China and Japan was only the first in a string of events destined to estrange the two countries. The Kaiser's part played in the Chino-Japanese peace negotiations belongs to one of those pages in history which may never be fully written, but it is generally believed that the Kaiser advised China to sign the peace treaty proposed by Japan, intimating that he would induce Russia and France to join him in his effort to frustrate the treaty.

Looking back at the situation, it seems strange that Japan was not even permitted to insert in the revised peace treaty an article forestalling the passing of the Liao-tung peninsula into the hands of a hostile Power, for that territory in the possession of Russia or Germany could not help but prove a menace to the very independence of the Japanese. Japan no doubt wanted to neutralize that danger zone, or secure a right of pre-emption over it; but she was given to understand that the intervening Powers would not allow Japan to press for any such guarantee.

So the Japanese withdrew without guarantee. What was the result? Only a year or two later, Russia occupied the selfsame peninsula from which the Czar and Kaiser drove the Japanese in the name of the peace of the Far-East and the maintenance of the territorial integrity of China. It was plain that the Kaiser agreed to connive at the Russian

occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula on condition that the Czar would not object to the German seizure of Kiau-chow.

And the German occupation of Kiau-chow, coming as it did in the wake of Japan's evacuation of the Liao-tung peninsula, was especially distasteful to the Japanese. The Japanese could not see why the Kaiser should have preached to them so diligently about the territorial integrity of China and the peace of the Far-East, when the Kaiser himself was waiting for the first opportunity to plant his flag on Chinese territory.

That first opportunity was afforded the Kaiser by the murder by Chinese of two German missionaries in Shantung Province. The missionaries belonged to the mission of Bishop Anzer, who was noted for his militancy. The Berlin Government immediately instructed its minister at Peking, Baron von Heyking, to demand of the Chinese Government the cession of Kiau-chow Bay and its adjacent territory. Before China had time to answer the German note, four German cruisers suddenly appeared in Kiau-chow Bay and landed a large detachment of marines. What could poor China do but obey the mandate of the Kaiser and sign the "murder convention"?

The immediate outcome of the territorial ambitions displayed in the German occupation of Kiau-chow, and other similar instances, was the Boxer disturbance, the gruesome story of which is still fresh in our memory. When the Boxers, filled with revengeful spirit, besieged the legation quarters in Peking, Japan at once proposed to the Powers that she be permitted to rush her troops to the scene of disturbance and rescue the beleaguered foreigners.

Again the Kaiser intervened. Unless Japan could, he insisted, guarantee that her action would by no means interfere with the interests of other Powers, the German Government could not consent to her proposal. Had it not been for the Kaiser's obstructive tactics, Japan would have landed her troops at Tientsin much sooner than she did. And when the Japanese soldiers were at last allowed to land in China, even the Kaiser had to admit that they were the most

orderly and most plucky of all the foreign troops which the Boxer incident brought to China.

The Boxer disturbance did not stop foreign aggression in China. On the other hand, it aggravated the situation by affording the covetous Powers fresh excuse for grabbing Chinese territory. Russia, for one, lost no time in utilizing the incident and rushing troops into Manchuria in large numbers. The German Emperor, though by no means fond of the Czar, was all that time encouraging the Muscovite ruler to concentrate his attention upon the Far-East, thus hoping that Germany might be free from Russian rivalry in Europe. In September, 1901, the two rulers met at what was then St. Petersburg and came to definite understanding with regard to Russian activities in Manchuria.

Then came the great war between Russia and Japan. The Mikado saw, in Russian aggression in Manchuria and Korea, an imminent danger to the very existence of his country, and determined to stay the Muscovite advance even at the point of the sword. Shortly before the opening of hostilities between Japan and Russia, the London *Times* published an article reporting the existence of a secret understanding in virtue of which the Kaiser was to render clandestine assistance to the Czar in the event of a Russo-Japanese War. Whether the London *Times* was correctly informed we have yet to see, but it is at least significant that in the course of the war Germany showed Russia many marks of good will, which at times amounted to the violation of neutrality. It was no secret that a German steamship company sold to the Russian Government a number of vessels. When the Baltic squadron of Russia, under Rozhestvenski, was proceeding to the Far-East, the same German company permitted one of its steamships to accompany the Russian warships and help them secure coal in their long voyage. All these events called forth protests from the Japanese Government, but of course the German Government paid no attention.

When Japanese troops were measuring swords with the Russians on the plains of Manchuria, the Japanese Army

extended to a German personage the privilege of proceeding to the front. Abusing the courtesy, he was found secretly sending war reports to the German Government or the Kaiser without previously submitting them to the censoring officers. Considering the secret assistance which Germany was rendering Russia through all stages of the war, you can well imagine the consternation of the Japanese generals upon discovering the true mission of the German personage.

If a German-Japanese rapprochement is to follow the War, the Wilhelmstrasse must entirely abandon the tactics which it has hitherto consistently practised in the Far-East. Fortunately both for Japan and for Germany, there is growing evidence that such a modification of German policies will not be slow in coming. Admiral von Truppel, whom we have already quoted, frankly admits that " German work in China can no longer be carried on without taking Japan into consideration. "

Once Germany frankly admits her past blunders and shows an earnest desire to " make up " with Japan, there is no reason why the latter would not respond. Indeed, the gradual change of attitude which the German press and publicists have of late displayed in favor of Japan had, until the unfortunate Zimmermann occurrence, been highly appreciated in Tokyo. It is, of course, too early to predict what the post-bellum alignment of the Powers will be, but it is certain that when Germany abandons her political ambitions in China and cencentrates her energies in the development of her colonial interests in Africa and other countries close to the Fatherland, Japan will be glad to co-operate with Germany in the commercial development of China. With Japanese tutorage leading China into the path of progress and higher civilization, Germany will find a large new outlet for those machineries and manufactures stamped with the German mark.

This seems obvious from Germany's experience in Japan, where her export in the past fifteen years rose from practically nothing to the sum of $34,197,000.

PEACE

MARSHAL SOUTH

"*PEACE! PEACE!*" So sang they in those columned halls
That were the pride of Babylon of old;
Bowing the knee to vast, collossal gods,
Carven of stone and decked with jewels and gold.
"*Peace,* and the cloudless joy and ease of life;
Away with War, with Strife, with Grief, with Care——
The fields are fruitful and the dates are ripe;
The sky is cloudless and the rustling air
Is heavy with the scent of many flowers.
Throw down the sword; its heavy burden irks;
There are more noble tasks, more pleasant trades,
And sweeter words in place of harsh commands.
Lay off your armor. Loose your heavy blades,
The use of them is past. Seek ease. No more
Shall bowstring twang or javelin be flung . . .
Peace! Cloudless Peace!" The golden censors swung.

. . . And even as they sang, behold! there came
Faintly across the desert sands the sound
Of hammers, beating sword-blades in the waste;
And in the shadow of the barren rocks,
Scourged with the heat by day, by night with cold,
A hardy People, thewed and hungry-eyed,
Fashioned their blades and trained their sons to War.

Seek now amidst the Dust for they who sang!

"Peace! Peace!" So sang they mid the Seven Hills
When Rome was at her glory, and the toil
Of all the world was wrought for pride of Rome.
When all the roads of all the world aspired
To reach the shadow of her walls. And when
Across the heaving waste of many seas
The Roman galleys lifted to the breeze——
From Africa and from the coast of France.
"Peace! Peace! Among the Pines and southern Palms,
The useless Legions draw their hire. For what?
Their need is passed. The wars are waged and done.
The enemies of Rome are crushed and gone.
'Twere now the time of Ease. Garlands and wine
Soothe more the taste than toil and soldier fare;
And smiles are sweeter warmth than desert suns.
Soft words shall lead to Ease and Fame—not Steel.
Peace! Peace!" The Legions dwindled, man by man.

. . . And as they faded, 'mid the bitter winds
That moan among the gloomy northern Pines,
By ones and twos the lean Barbarians came,
Snuffing like famished wolves the scent afar
Of blood and plunder. Still the singers sang
Among the courts of Rome; while in the gloom
Of frozen woods the long lean sword-blades gleamed.

Seek now amidst the Dust for they who sang!

"*Peace! Peace!*" So sing they now, throughout a land
Whose Flags of Stars and Crimson Bars holds sway
From the uprising to the setting sun.
"*Peace! Peace!*" Amidst a world of flaming War;
While Empires crumble and new Powers are born;
While Titan forces stir from out their sleep——
Still chant the singers: "Peace shall vanquish War.
Peace! Peace! Forbear to forge the bolts of Mars;
Beat now your swords into more rational tools
Than those of Death. Mark how destruction comes
Upon the heels of those who arm for War.
Heed now the lesson. Let your toil be spent
On arts more profitable and more humane.
And it shall be that to your High Ideal
The world shall turn, forsaking once for all
Its lust for blood, and treading firm and straight
Thy path of high example. Arm no more!"

. . . And as they sing, beyond the ocean's rim
The foundries of the Gunsmiths blaze and roar
In clamorous preparation. And the steel,
White hot and flaming, leaves the roaring fires
To form unnumbered guns whose tongues shall spell
Victory or Death in the next "Greatest War"——
The war of which some Sage, as yet unborn,
Musing, long after, on the fatal dream
Which dreamed One Hundred Millions, shall inquire

Among the Dust for word of those who sang!

LOVE IN SPRING

O. C. A. Child

RONDEAU

SLEEP, thou my sweet, till dawn doth part
The curtained night and songsters start
To twitter from each leafy bed,
Each morning-glory raise its head,
And sun-flecks through the lattice dart.

Far from the murmur of the mart,
The pounding hoof, the bounding cart,
The city's voice, the city's tread——
Sleep, thou my sweet.

Sleep, sweet, yet let one tear-drop start,
One sigh escape thy tender heart,
Weave deep in woof of dreams love's thread,
Dream on beneath the silken spread
Of love, of me, till night depart——
Sleep, thou my sweet!

AT THE WINDOW

OH, sing to me, Love, when the wind-swept rain
Is singing a song to the window pane——
A tender song with a glad refrain.

Oh, shine on me, Love, when the sun's glad glow
Sends little flecks fleeting too and fro—
Across the sill where the roses blow.

Oh, look on me, Love, when each tiny star
Shines down from the fields where the angels are——
And peeps through the snowy curtain's bar.

Oh, come to me, Love, when in golden pride
The day is born and the shadows hide——
Come then, Dear Love, through the window wide.

NEW CHINA MENACED

T. Lothrop Stoddard

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, that earnest student of Far-Eastern affairs, the late John Hay, remarked: " The storm-center of the world has gradually shifted to China. Whoever understands that mighty empire socially, politically, economically, and religiously, has a key to world-politics for the next five hundred years."

Before the fearsome tempest of the European War, these may at first sight seem idle words. And yet, even in this present hour, many thoughtful observers glimpse beyond the lightning-flashes from European battlefields, the sinister cloud-wrack of a still vaster storm, rising in the Far-Eastern sky. Time, that final tester of all things, may yet prove the American statesman in the right.

Whether or not the Chinese problem shall be the Paramount issue for the immediate future, certain it is that it will assuredly bulk large in the troubled scheme of human perplexities. The only question is, shall it be solved peacefully or is it to plunge us into another cataclysm akin to that now shaking the entire earth? Not even our strained absorption in the present crisis should prevent our earnest consideration of this vital query, for if we wish to escape the dire calamities latent in a wrong solution of the Chinese problem, it is high time that we set our minds to the task. We all know that the proximate cause of the present war was the " Near-Eastern Question "—in other words, the problem of the Balkans and the Ottoman Empire. Of course there were enough high explosives lying loose in Europe to have provided half a dozen ordinary wars. But such wars would have been localized in area and would probably have been spread over a period sufficiently long to have equilibrated losses. They would not, therefore, have been anything like the general holocaust which to-day threatens the whole fabric of modern civilization. It was the Near-Eastern question which laid its

sinister powder-trains to the doors of every European chancellory. Accordingly, when the fatal spark glowed forth at Serajevo, the hissing trails ran like fiery serpents over the entire continent, ignited all those isolated danger-points, producing the general explosion.

This was no surprise. The terrible possibilities of the Near-Eastern Question had long been foreseen. Whole generations of diplomats had dolorously predicted that the Balkans would one day cause a general European War. Yet, despite all this, no thoroughgoing solution of the problem was ever honestly attempted. Temporary makeshifts, superficial palliatives; these alone were tried. And even these were doomed in advance by underhand graspings of single Powers for special gains, in reckless disregard of ultimate consequences. Thus Europe drifted, intrigued and procrastinated, till the sands were run out and White civilization reeled beneath the shock of the modern Peloponnesian War.

The lesson of the past is writ in blood and fire before our saddened eyes. We should heed that lesson. Otherwise, the bark of modern civilization may weather the tempest of the Near-Eastern Question only to founder a generation hence in the typhoon of the Far-Eastern Question. The glass is already falling. The period of grace vouchsafed us would in any event have probably been short, but the present conflict is cutting it shorter still. The European War has reacted disastrously upon the Far-East, and the most ominous of these reactions is the Russo-Japanese Alliance treaty signed at Petrograd, July 3rd, 1916. It is not too much to say that future historians may regard this as one of the most sinister dates of modern history. The document looks ominously like the death-warrant of awakening China.

For China is to-day really awake. Toward the close of the last century, to be sure, everyone was discussing the "break-up" of China. The huge Empire, with its 400 millions of people, one-fourth the entire human race, seemed at that time plunged in so hopeless a lethargy as to be foredoomed to speedy ruin. About the apparently moribund carcass the eagles of the earth were already gathered.

Yet here, as elsewhere, the darkest hour heralded the dawn. The prodigious moral shock of the Japanese War (1894) roused China's élite to the imminence of their country's peril. They even gained over the young Emperor Kwang-su, and the Vermillion Pencil soon sketched out a well-rounded program of constructive reform. However, the dark figure of the Dowager Empress Tsu-hsi now strode between them and the light. That sinister obscurantist crushed the reforming Emperor and thrust China back into the ancient path. There followed the Boxer nightmare and the frightful Occidental chastisement of 1900.

This time, however, the lesson was learned. China was at last shaken broad awake. The Bourbon Manchu Court, it is true, wavered and showed signs of going to sleep again. It was soon apprized of its error. At every slumberous symptom an imperious cry smote upon its languid senses; no longer the plaint of a few reformers but the roar of an eager and angry people. Every year after 1900 saw increasingly rapid progress—a progress, be it noted, not imposed upon the people from above but forced upon the rulers from below. When the slow-footed Manchus showed themselves constitutionally incapable of keeping step with the quickening national pace, the rising tide of national life overwhelmed them in the Republican Revolution of 1911, and they were no more.

Even with the Manchu handicap, the rate of progress during those years was such as to amaze the wisest foreign observers. *"Could the Sage, Confucius, have returned a decade ago,"* wrote that "old China hand," W. R. Manning, in 1910, *"he would have felt almost as much at home as when he departed twenty-five centuries before. Should he return a decade hence he will feel almost as much out of place as Rip Van Winkle, if the recent rate of progress continues."* Toward the close of 1909 that veteran student of things Chinese, Harlan P. Beach, remarked: "Those who, like myself, can compare the China of twenty-five years ago with the China of this year, can scarcely believe our senses."

It was on top of all this that there came the Republican

Revolution of 1911, a happening hailed by even so sophisticated and conventional an observer as the English publicist, Dr. Dillon, as "the most momentous event in a thousand years." Whatever may have been the political blunders of the Revolutionists (and they were many), the Revolution's moral results were stupendous. The stream of Western innovation flowed at a vastly accelerated pace into every Chinese province. The popular masses were for the first time awakened to genuine interest in political, as distinguished from economic or personal, questions. Lastly, the semi-religious feeling of family kinship, which in the past had been almost the sole bond of Chinese race-solidarity, was powerfully supplemented by those distinctively modern concepts, national self-consciousness and articulate patriotism.

Revolution is, however, always a shrewd test of a people's political efficiency. Failure to meet the test involves subjection to the strong grip of a dictator. For a while it looked as though this was what had happened in China. Taking advantage of the first revolutionary convulsion, a strong and unscrupulous personality, Yuan Shi-kai, wrenched the reins of power from the palsied Manchu grasp, cozened the Revolutionists out of the fruits of victory by an extraordinary combination of forcefulness and cunning, and finally struck down the Republicans by the coup d'état of 1913. The great majority of European observers, hostile as they had been to the Republic from the first, thereupon hailed Yuan Shi-kai as the longed for "Superman" who should crown himself Emperor and lead back China into the paths of monarchical tradition. *Unfortunately for these predictions, Yuan did not prove a Superman; instead, he showed himself merely a super-Mandarin.* His iron will was of course something quite unknown to the huckstering, spectacled bureaucrats of the Manchu regime; nevertheless, Yuan's training and traditions belonged to the old mandarin school of which he was the intellectual product. Thus, however much he might differ from other Chinese officials, the difference was one of degree, not of kind.

Given these various premises, the conclusion was

obvious and inevitable. Having made the Republicans his deadly enemies by the coup d'état of 1913, Yuan, to save his own skin, was forced to go over bag and baggage to the reactionaries—to the partisans of the old, obscurantist regime. Accordingly, Yuan's government rapidly degenerated into a mere second-hand copy of Manchudom and Yuan himself became a slightly Western-veneered reincarnation of the Dowager Empress. How could it be otherwise? All the Western-trained youth, all the conscientious reformers, by whom alone a modernized administration could be carried on, were Republicans. On the other hand, Yuan's supporters were reactionaries, haters of all modern things. Henceforth, despite his iron will, Yuan was powerless for reform. Had he attempted it, his reactionary instruments would have simply broken in his hands.

But, the more Yuan's government approximated to the old Manchu regime, the more it outraged the popular will and the more it was consequently menaced by that same mounting flood which had swept the Manchus into oblivion. Scenting the danger, Yuan threw himself into the arms of the foreigner. Yuan now grew doubly complaisant toward European diplomats and trebly gracious to the crowd of foreign loan-sharks and concession-hunters who thronged Pekin. The general revolt which broke out after his assumption of the Imperial title in January, 1916, was not due to that act alone; it was simply the acceleration of something long preparing and inevitable within a very short period of time. The Chinese people were resolved to have done with autocrats, whether " heaven-born Manchus " or " President-Dictators." They now proved this by one of those manifestations of the national will against which even the strongest tyrants are powerless. *Neither high-placed Mandarins nor foreign backers could help Yuan in that hour. Recognizing the game as hopeless, he confessed his errors, abdicated, and shortly after died, very possibly a suicide.*

So perished Yuan Shi-kai's ambitious dream of a despotic, centralized empire. At the first touch of the impending yoke, the Chinese people rose in wrath and shook it off.

They thereby showed how profoundly Chinese political efficiency differs from that of the races of Western and Central Asia, with whom, under the general rubric "Asiatic," the Chinese are too often confounded. Among those races, it is true, political efficiency has always been very low, and the only native government that has stood any chance of success has been that of the "Strong Man," the absolute despot, from the days of the Assyrian Kings down to the late Abdurrahman Khan of Afghanistan. Quite different is the case of China, where political efficiency has in many respects always been singularly high. This has held notably true regarding what many authorities consider the corner-stone of political progress—local self-government. Not even such brutal military conquerors as the Tartars and Manchus have been able to cut that deep-going taproot of Chinese political life. Of course, Chinese political efficiency is not Western political efficiency. Their bases are too profoundly different. For one thing, the germ-cell of Chinese society is not the individual but the family, and even this in a special Chinest sense, since the Chinese "family" is more what we would call a "clan," comprising as it does even the remotest relatives on the male side together with all the ancestral dead. Chinese society is thus founded on a strict "family" basis. Above rises a complicated overgrowth: the village-community, the guild or association, the province. Quite recently, this decidely un-Western yet intensely vital and well-knit politico-social edifice has been capped by the self-conscious ideal of the Nation.

As to what form of government is best suited to China, the answer would seem to be—a Federal Republic with extensive provincial and local autonomies; in other words, a polity closely resembling the United States of America. This would imply no such breach with the past as many persons suppose. Our knowledge of Chinese political conditions has always been obscured by loose terminology, especially by our manner of calling the old régime the Chinese "Empire." That word, redolent of Imperial Rome, at once evoked the image of a strongly centralized State under a despotic ruler

akin to a Western "Cæsar" or an Oriental Sultan. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been further from the truth. In this sense, there never has been either a Chinese "Empire" or a Chinese "Emperor." It would be much more correct to say that China has been a democracy living under a theocracy. With wide local and provincial autonomy, with no genuine nobility since very early times, and with a governing "Mandarinate" recruited by strict civil-service examinations to which the poorest coolie's son might aspire, the term "Empire," in our sense of the word, obviously does not fit. As to the "Emperor," his Chinese title, "Son of Heaven," gives a far better clue to his real status. Beyond the ranks of his Manchu clansman, he evoked no dynastic loyalty. To the Chinese people he was much more a religious than a political personage—"Pontifex" rather than "Cæsar." Viewed from the social angle, the Chinese "Empire" resolved itself into a vast nebula of millions of little family-republics, at the head of which stood the "Son of Heaven"—a super-father fulfilling toward Heaven the same collective duties incumbent upon each family head among the myriad "Sons of Han." Obviously, mere mundane politics had here no vital place. Accordingly, the disappearance of the "Emperor" as a political figure is no great loss to Chinese political life. On the contrary, the Chief Executive of a Federal Republic would accord much better with the native genius.

Most unbiased observers today assert that, so far as internal affairs are concerned, the Chinese Republic's prospects look reasonably good. No form of government appears to be more in harmony with the philosophical principles and social conventions which give the tone to Chinese civilization. Furthermore, the Republican leaders are returning to power chastened by their recent bitter lessons and probably purged of much of their unfortunate doctrinaire zeal. Past failures have drawn the line between the possible and the impossible. Conversely, Yuan's tyranny has cured the more conservative reformers of that panic for order-at-any-price into which the excesses of the first Revolution threw them, thereby making

them such useful tools for Yuan in the first stages of his rise to power. Thus everything portends the formation of a strong coalition party of all the best elements, Radicals and Moderates alike, working intelligently yet temperately along the lines of constructive reform. Such a party, if given a free hand, should be quite able to master the latent forces of both anarchy and reaction.

In face of such apparently roseate prospects, why must we still view the Far-East with so troubled an eye? It is because athwart China's path a dark shadow is falling—the shadow of a foreign domination inimical to the very well-springs of Chinese national life. The supreme question for China is, not whether she is capable of evolving an orderly and progressive system of government, but whether she will be allowed to evolve such a government, no matter how promising her political capacity or how fervent her reforming dreams. Were the world to-day at peace, China would have a reasonable chance. But the European War has fallen like a blight upon the unhappy country. It has paralyzed the strength of China's friends and given free rein to China's deadly foes.

Two Great Powers have sworn that there shall never be a strong, reformed China. These two Powers are Russia and Japan. The Petrograd pact of July 3rd, 1916, is the sign-manual of that determination. The spectacle of the embattled rivals of a decade ago thus amicably apportioning the Chinese spoils may at first sight appear rather strange. Yet a moment's reflection should dispel our wonderment. The thing is not new. The very Instrument of July 3rd has lain for decades in Japan's diplomatic portfolio. Away back in the nineties of the last century, Prince Ito was in Petrograd seeking the Alliance of today. Russia was, however, then dominated by imperialist visionaries like Prince Ukhtomsky and Admiral Alexeiev, who dreamed of bringing China and all Asia beneath the sceptre of the Great White Tsar. To such men Prince Ito's proposals savored of impertinence. Accordingly, Russia went her ambitious way until her pride fell shattered at Tsushima and Port Arthur.

By many onlookers the Portsmouth Treaty was considered only a truce between two Russo-Japanese Wars. In reality it laid the foundations of a genuine Russo-Japanese peace. The Manchurian War had taught Russia that she could not devour China. But, from the moment that lesson was learned, the way was clear for a thoroughgoing understanding with Japan. Prince Ito's offer still held good. Japan's vision had not been blinded by victory. Her statesmen knew that she could not, any more than Russia, swallow China whole in defiance of the entire world. Of course she had determined to dominate and exploit not merely Southern Manchuria but also most of the Eighteen Provinces of Old China as well. But to do this she needed an accomplice. And that accomplice was, patently, Russia.

How could it, indeed, be anyone else? The partner to such a vast and hazardous undertaking would obviously ask a high price. The only price which Japan could afford to pay consisted of the great Chinese dependencies to north and west (Mongolia and Turkestan), together with possibly the innermost provinces of China itself. And, of course, Russia was the only Power which could garner these fruits without cutting athwart the Japanese sphere. Conversely, these were just the things which Russia most desired, now that she had abandoned the idea of annexing China's seaboard and dominating the eastern Pacific.

There was even more to the matter. *China represents one of the richest (perhaps the richest) undeveloped economic market in the world. A genuinely independent China, to say nothing of a strong, reformed China, would mean the "open door" for the admission of foreign capital and foreign goods upon equal terms to all.* But in such a case Russia would not get a look-in, and even Japan would obtain only a modicum of the limitless profits to be gained. Both Japan and Russia are today poor countries, without much native capital and still economically backward. Their present industrial development is largely the result of government hot-house fostering and the merciless "sweating" of labor. To think that under equal conditions either Russia or

Japan could undercut the huge accumulated capital and normally developed industrial system of England, Germany, America or France, is nothing short of an absurdity. This both Japan and Russia well knew, and since they could not monopolize the Chinese market by fair means, the natural prompting of ambition was to do so by foul. As a matter of fact, in the economic sphere Japan and Russia have collaborated closely for years. This was conspicuously shown by their joint veto of the Knox railway neutralization project of 1910 and their clever disrupting of the "Four Power" Group formed by the Western capitalist nations for China's economic and financial rehabilitation.

Lastly, Japan and Russia were drawn together by their common fears. To say nothing of their prospective gains, both nations already hold some of China's most treasured possessions. A strong, reformed China might well try to get these back again, and the full development of her vast latent powers would very likely enable her ultimately to do so.

For all these motives Russia and Japan have the strongest motives for wishing to dominate China. The outbreak of the European War disclosed their opportunity. The Western Four Power Group (England, France, Germany, the United States), hitherto an effective counterweight, was now shattered to bits; three of these Powers were locked in deadly internecine strife, the fourth quite unable to shield China from the impending peril. Henceforth the only doubtful point was whether Japan and Russia should use the velvet glove or the mailed fist. So long as Yuan remained in office there was a fair chance that the former implement would be employed. Yuan's government displayed such gratifying signs of corruption and impotence, and he himself was so obviously bidding for foreign support, that Japan and Russia might reasonably hope to gain their ends through such a useful tool without having recourse to cruder military methods. But now that the patriots show every sign of coming to power in China, it is to be feared that their very integrity and promise will nerve Japan and Russia to strike quickly and hard. Should they do so, they would have little

in a military way to fear. China herself could offer no serious military resistance, and none of China's friends could move a finger in her defense.

That Japan and Russia will have to smash China to realize their full ambitions, the Republicans once being fairly in the saddle again, there seems to be little doubt. The patriots are in no yielding mood: their watchword apparently is "No surrender." At the time of the Japanese ultimatum last winter, most of them implored Yuan not to give in. Said one of their spokesmen, the veteran reformer Liang Chi-ch'iao: "*Better be shattered to bits as jade than be saved whole as brick!*" These words have deep significance. Liang Chi-ch'iao is no Occidentalized stripling crammed with Western maxims of "Liberty or Death"; he is a man of mature years, a ripe Confucian scholar honored throughout China as the soundest thinker of the day. His words may therefore be justly deemed the voice of the nation—and it is the voice of a proud people. To that voice the Chinese millions will hearken and obey. Ignorant though they are, apathetic though they commonly seem to be, they yet vouchsafe their sages a reverent loyalty yielded elsewhere only to priests and kings. Of this, Confucius, the race-hero, stands the abiding proof. *If China's leaders say "Fight," China will fight—and go down.*

Of course that would not be the end. China cannot be killed. Oppressed and exploited she might be, for generations. Sooner or later she would rise again. But the China arisen after the Japanese-Muscovite domination would be a China changed terribly for the worse. When the Mongols and Manchus overran the Middle Kingdom they subjected a land unconscious of itself, unaware of its degradation. Should the Japanese and Russians conquer China today they would enslave a nation thrilling with self-conscious patriotism, burning to work out its new-found salvation. China's present gospel is one of peace. Her goal is a democratic Federal Republic, eschewing militarism and conquest, developing its own vast latent resources by pacific economic progress and Western scientific education. To dash the cup

from its lips, to enslave it now within the very portals of freedom, would be to drive the iron into the Chinese people's innermost soul, to rouse that unquenchable thirst for revenge which rank injustice always raises in the Chinese breast. In other years we have heard much of the Chinese "Yellow Peril." *A free China, normally evolving, need cause no alarm. A warped, distorted China emerging from the shadow of Japanese domination might well imperil the whole earth.*

We would do well to heed the warning words of that eminent Chinese man of affairs, Chin Chun-wang, spoken before an American audience at the close of the year 1912: "Here is the danger. If greedy Powers should purposely be so blind to the truth and actually take an undue advantage of our situation to plunder, they would arouse the wrath of a people that may yet be able to protect and maintain what is right. It might drive the Chinese to revenge in such a way as to turn what is soon to become a great hive of commerce and prosperity into a cursed land of carnage and "Boxerism," as well as to endanger the peace of the world and paralyze the advancement of mankind. *Today, therefore, is the time when the great nations can either make the Chinese millions a mighty instrument for promoting peace and prosperity, by helping them to make their intended progress, or else they can drive these same peace-loving people, contrary to their will, to become bloodthirsty fiends for revenge.*"

TWO POEMS

THEODORE GATES

THOU ART GONE

THOU art gone. No more
Shall I think of thee
With thoughts of love.
Thy being is as if
'Twere not. Thou art

To me as one above.
Sweet, oh sweet to me
Were those days gone by—
Sweet, oh sweet were they.
Hours were spent in talks
In the woods, near
The fragrant new mown hay.
I shall ne'er forget
Those happiest days
In which I roamed with thee;
I shall ne'er forget
That last of nights
Alone with God and thee.
To ne'er forget, so
Did we fondly pledge
And love was given free.

Now all is changed—
The silver thread is broken—
No more can I call you "dear."
Since you went away;
Away for so short a time,
Scarcely half a year;
Yet so soon did he woo you,—
So soon did he win you,
Win you away from me.
Oh, why so inconstant,
Why now so different,
Different than you used to be!—
The hurt and the pain
Is gone, I hope now,
But oh, not the love for you!—
That will not go—
Yet I must not—
Love must not be.
May your life be happy,
May pain not enter in,
May love be ever yours.

May he be ever near you.
As I fondly hoped to be,
When I could call you mine.
May God rest you,
May God bless you,
For all time.

CONTENTMENT

'TIS one of those beautiful days
When God's wild flowers grow,
When all sweet nature plays,
And the breeze so warm doth blow;
The birds sing in the treetops,
The worm creeps in the soil,
From above have fallen the raindrops,
But man's in the garden of toil.

O why must one love another—
Another with features so fair!
Happy the successful lover,
Rejected, O, do not despair
For the woods and the grass are left thee,
And life though marred is not dead—
For the comfort of God is left thee,
Rejected, O, lift up thy head!
Come with me to the brookside
And let thy troubles go;
Think not of the waters of life
That so irresistibly flow—
For here is sweet peace for thee,
Here in nature so fair;
Drink of life's waters so free,
Rejected, O, do not despair!

THE PHILIPPINES

(*A NATIONAL PROBLEM*)

The author of the following article is an American professional man who has lived in the Philippines for several years. He has had no connection with the Government, nor with business enterprises, so his views are not biased by political prejudice or financial interest. A wide acquaintance among both Filipinos and Americans in the Islands has given him opportunity to study the Philippine question from various angles. He wishes his name withheld for valid reasons.—The Editors.

AN American writer, after a visit to India and the Philippines a few years ago, hit off the contrast in the two administrations by the witty remark: "The British govern India with a stiff shirt-front. The Americans govern the Philippines with a base-ball bat, and a can of Hope-Deferred Smoking Mixture." The purpose of this article is to tell briefly what the "base-ball bat" stands for in the new Philippines, and to make clear the nature and operation of the narcotic member in this curious governmental team.

When Uncle Sam unexpectedly found this great group of tropical islands on his hands, a commission of five men headed by President Schurman, of Cornell, was appointed by President McKinley to deliver to the Filipino people a message of good-will, to investigate conditions, and to make recommendations to the President.

McKinley's noble conception of his country's relation to the Philippines appears in his instructions to the Secretary of War: "A high and sacred obligation rests upon the Government of the United States to give protection for property and life, civil and religious freedom, and wise, firm, unselfish guidance in the paths of peace and prosperity to all the people of the Philippine Islands. I charge the Commission to labor for the full performance of this obligation, which concerns the honor and conscience of their country . . ."

Our people have been, as the President and Congress found themselves at first, ignorant as to facts and perplexed as to policy; it could not have been otherwise. But the people, as well as their representatives, have from the first recog-

nized in the Philippines a momentous responsibility, and have been moved by sincere desire to discharge that responsibility in the wisest and most generous way, the welfare and happiness of the Filipinos themselves being the supreme consideration. A few have been excited over what they fancied to be oppression and "Imperialism"; at the other extreme a few have advocated retention for trade or territorial reasons; but the vast majority, when they have thought of the far-away islands and their people at all, have had but a single idea—to do the right thing by them. And so it is to-day. *The problem, in other words, is a national rather than a partisan problem; and the people at large have approached it not as Republicans or Democrats, but as Americans.*

The situation which faced our first commission was new, strange, complex. Enter the bat! It arrived on the scene, in fact, before the honorable commissioners. "A couple of base-ball teams were organized, and played numerous games in full view of the enemy," says General Funston in his "Memories of Two Wars." "But the oddest thing was brought about by the fact that our band sent in to Manila for its instruments, the men since the outbreak having been fighting in companies, and every evening we had a concert on our lines. The Filipinos would crowd the tops of their trenches to hear the music, and would vigorously applaud pieces that struck their fancy. Every concert closed with the playing of the 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' at which not only our men but all the Filipinos stood at attention, uncovered." The bat, therefore, was the basis of the first good understanding between the "little brown brother" and the big Americano.

But the bat, in this story, means more than base-ball. Long before the war ended, well-educated soldiers were assigned to duty as teachers in the schools established under the first military-civil municipal governments, and text books were issued by an artillery captain, the first appropriation for this purpose reported by the military being $100,000 Mexican. Evidently the bat, as well as the pen, was mightier than the sword. Let us take it then as a symbol of the whole

far-flung army of progress: schools, athletics, sanitation, good roads, scientific agriculture, free speech, peace, justice, political and religious liberty.

Aladdin with his magic lamp could hardly have wrought a more astounding transformation than that which has taken place in Manila and throughout the Philippines in the last fifteen years. An isolated tropical archipelago in the Oriental seas, its slow-moving life dominated by Spanish mediaevalism, has come over-night into the full current of the 20th Century. The Filipinos to-day are, in a double sense, a nation at school. And the system of education which has been developed there, from primary schools to university, with its emphasis on trades and agriculture for the boys and household arts for the girls, has been adjudged by competent critics to be one of the most perfect systems in the world. Cholera, smallpox, bubonic plague, the scourges of the past, have been reduced to the vanishing point; progress which will benefit the whole world has been made in the cure of beri-beri and leprosy; a good start has been taken in the fight against tuberculosis and infant mortality, and a whole people is thinking in new terms of hygiene and health. Time would fail to tell the story of the opening of the lowland provinces to new ideas and prosperity, by excellent roads, new railroads and mail routes, and of the civilizing effect of good trails, just treatment, athletics, and schools on the mountain tribes that used to be head-hunters.

The material change is great but the spiritual advance, though less obvious, is greater still. Peace and security are established where unrest and outlawry held sway. The poor man for the first time has an equal chance before the law. There is a new conception of probity in office, a new sense of social responsibility breaking out in pioneer works of philanthropy. The modern games—base-ball, volley-ball, track and field sports, basket-ball, foot-ball, tennis, aquatics, and recreative group games—which have spread like wildfire over the islands—are doing more than to develop sturdy bodies. They are teaching the youth fair play and pulling the grown-ups away from the cock-pit. The old ideal of a

gentleman as a perfumed dandy afraid to soil his hands is gone, and it is not Japan, but the Philippines that leads in the new athletic life of the Far-East. Most Americans are surprised to learn that this varied work of regeneration does not mean a heavy annual drain on Uncle Sam. It is not a costly, artificial gift, superimposed from without,—*the Islands themselves are paying their way, except the cost of the American military and naval establishment, which is still borne by the United States.*

And it is unjust for Americans to claim all the credit. *What has been accomplished is the result of Americans and Filipinos working together.* The ideas and initiative have been mainly American, but the Filipino people have cooperated, on the whole, with interest and enthusiasm, and *the result could not have been achieved without their joint help.* Nor can any one group of Americans monopolize our part of the glory. The Army and Navy began the good work, for after their traditional job of " civilizing 'em with a Krag " was over, they turned to peaceful campaigns on athletic fields, in the school-room, and with sanitary squad. The civil government took it up and kept it going. Roman Catholic priests and sisters, Protestant missionaries and the Young Men's Christian Association have helped. Pioneer merchants, lumber men and professional men are part of the army of progress, and scientists, philanthropists and other men of good will in America and elsewhere have contributed.

If things are going so well, then, on our farthest western frontier, where does the problem come in? Enter the Smoking Mixture, borne on a golden platter by a Filipino politician. This actor has the magical power of creating, seemingly from nothing, fragrant clouds of smoke, rising in ever-widening rings from which all manner of good genii hop forth. So perfect is the illusion that its enchantment pervades the Philippines, and even reaches across the seas to Washington. The narcotic weed which produces the smoke is called " independencia," but its origin is shrouded in mystery. Some say that Aguinaldo introduced it, others that it originated in Boston and is a distant relative of an early

American variety. A few allege that it was planted in the Islands by Governor Taft, a theory which seems at first to be borne out by the popularity that promised at first to make him a No. 1 saint in the Filipino calendar, but is knocked in the head by the fact that the genial governor is now regarded as the arch imperialist. At all events, the popularity of the drug cannot be denied; its use is all but universal among the Filipino politicians, and has generally extended to other classes, the politicians being the only ones, however, who find it helpful in their business. For, sad to relate, this narcotic is as baneful to peoples in their youth as tobacco is to boys. "Hope-Deferred Smoking Mixture," the facetious visitor called it, and a very much more ancient writer observed that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Americans ought to be the last people in the world to oppose the aspirations of a struggling young nation to nationality and independence. They do not oppose these aspirations in the Filipinos; if they were lacking, their absence would denote a spiritless, weak race, which would make small appeal to a liberty-loving nation. How is it then that Americans who know the Filipinos and their problems well through long experience in the Philippines oppose, almost to a man, the agitation for early independence! Has a sea voyage, or residence among a dependent people, transformed them into unfeeling imperialism? In Kipling's phrase, the trouble is, the Filipinos have not been able to "Dream and not make Dreams their master."

Whatever be the weak points of the Filipinos, oratory is not one of them, and the orator never lacks an audience. Announce that Assemblyman Juan de la Cruz is to speak at the Presidencia to-night, and the hall will be packed. The Filipino politician has ever found "independencia" a word to conjure with; it is the millennium, the full dinner pail and the happy hunting grounds in one concentrated, sugar-coated pill, and it's good for everthing that ails you.

What harm in this happy delusion? An illustration: Governor Forbes, who devoted himself first to the economic

upbuilding of the country, employed irrigation engineers, had surveys made and estimates prepared for bringing water to regions where the rice crop fails periodically from drouth; but the Philippine Assembly bucked him, refusing the necessary appropriations, and the work stopped. Presto, change. A Democratic regime is here, and the Assembly and the Nacionalista papers are talking irrigation. What did it? Why, the Democrats recognize "independencia" as the paramount issue, and we can now attend to less important matters. Meanwhile, another drouth has cost the country enough to have built an irrigation system. Agriculture, the one great industry, on which a solid economic foundation for self-government could be raised, has waited in vain from the institution of the Assembly in 1907 to this day for any adequate legislative attention or help—the politicians were too busy talking independence, or quixotic schemes related to it, to discuss little matters like rural credits, seed selection, and irrigation.

Previous administrations have been in reality nonpartisan. The last thing one thought of about an American in the Islands was his politics at home, and Democrats as well as Republicans have been appointed to the Commission and even to the Governor's chair. But the papers and politicians of the Nacionalista party have done their best to persuade the people that they were being oppressed and despoiled by the Republicans, and that their redemption could only come through the triumph of the Democratic party. And this undercurrent of unrest and friction has been kept alive through the years because the Republicans happened to be "in," and the Democrats "out," when an accident of war laid the Islands at Uncle Sam's door. Who that heard Bryan in the 1900 campaign does not remember his impassioned denunciation of an Imperialism that would launch America on a course of world-wide aggression and put McKinley in office as "President of the United States, *and Emperor of the Philippines!*" His fury of indignation, and the frantic fears of the Anti-Imperialists, seem singularly wide of the mark in view of our course in Cuba, and the

speed with which the Philippines have been pushed along towards self-government.

But after fifteen years of "wandering in Egypt" under hard Republican task masters, "Moses" at last arrived in the person of Francis Burton Harrison, first Governor appointed by the Democrats, to lead the Filipinos "out of bondage." A crowd such as never before assembled in the land of fiestas and parades turned out to welcome him, and his flower-strewn way from wharf to Luneta was a triumphal progress indeed. His speech was a sort of emancipation proclamation, promising a "New Era."

The keynote of the "New Era," however, was struck a few months later by one of Governor Harrison's colleagues, Commissioner Denison, in a speech before the City Club of Manila. Three of his most telling sentences will suffice: *"If the Filipino wishes to lie in the shade, placidly murmuring, 'manana,' what concern is that of ours?" "If he is satisfied with a two-weeks' mail service from northern Luzon to Manila, instead of the present two-day service, why should we try to hustle the East?"* And his climax, the "New Era" in a nutshell, was this: *"Harrison found things upside down, and he has turned them right side up."* But the fine point of this sentiment was lost in laughter, for through a slip he first said: "Harrison found things right side up and has turned them upside down," and as he was correcting himself, an old resident sitting in a corner sung out: "You had it right the first time, Mr. Secretary. First thoughts are best," a remark which expressed the feeling of his American audience and brought down the house.

The one besetting, unpardonable sin of the "New Era" is that it has been bent on putting the old one "in the hole." The great company of American civil servants throughout the Islands, who had labored with singular enthusiasm and devotion for years to build up a service which for altruism and efficiency should be a model in the administration of dependencies, could endure to see the fine morale, the esprit de corps, disappear as they did, if the shake-up in the service promised some radical gain. But what they could not

abide, what the whole American community resented bitterly, was the imputation implicit in the attitude of the new order, which Commissioner Denison unmeaningly put in plain speech—that everything they had toiled to erect was upside down, wrong not only in form but also in spirit and motive. Quite possibly the Republicans would have done the same if the situation had been reversed. This passion for change is the logical result of making the Islands a bone of political contention.

Three and a half years have passed, and a Democratic Administration has shown its hand in the Philippines. What is the record of the "New Era"? To the average old-timer in Manila it seems neither so black nor so white as it has been painted by the partisans who have made sweeping charges on the one hand, and somewhat extravagant claims on the other. In fact, after the first few weeks of excitement, when the Filipinos were walking on air and Americans were counting official heads as they fell and wondering who would be next, the new Administration has seemed a rather colorless affair. It is not true that "all the good work of fifteen years has been undone," that "the Islands are in chaos" and that everything has gone to rack and ruin generally. On the other hand, one would look in vain for any outstanding, constructive achievements. The Governor and his friends doubtless feel that his Administration has been an era of good feeling, and this is true so far as the Filipinos are concerned; he is fortunate in the possession of the suave, high-mannered temperament which works like ball-bearings with the Latin-American. Unprecedented docility in the Assembly, which has passed appropriation bills without friction and done about everything else the Governor asked, would probably be set down by a shrewd guesser to the working of the Smoking Mixture. Economy has been forced not only by the War, but also by the business stagnation which the "New Era" unquestionably increased. That order still reigns in the Islands, and the machinery of government moves on without alarming hitches, is due less, one surmises, to the professedly revolutionary work of the last three years

than to the steady constructive labor of the previous fifteen.

In its first flush of reform enthusiasm, the new Administration criticized the old as "elaborate, costly, top-heavy," and announced that it would proceed to erect a new, simple system suited to the needs of the Islands. With an Assembly obedient to his nod, Harrison has had ample power to make radical changes. But after all this bombast and fanfare, how does the Philippine Government to-day differ from the old? Pretty much the same government, with the same old departments, doing business in the same old way. In other words, the mountain labored and brought forth a very small mouse. That he did not let his first impulse lead on to a wholesale attempt to reconstruct the government, after he discovered the worth and fitness of the existing one, is of course to Mr. Harrison's credit.

The new Philippine act passed by the last session of Congress created an elective Senate in place of the old Philippine Commission, made up of Americans and Filipinos appointed by the President; added to the electorate those literate in a native language (before English or Spanish was required); declared the purpose of the United States to grant ultimate independence; and provided for certain other readjustments of the government, in the direction of further participation by the Filipino people. The first election under this law has been held recently, and it is too early yet to judge its working, or the results of the latest acts of the Philippine administration in creating a great national bank and taking over the railways in the island of Luzon.

Three plain, practical questions remain: *Do the Filipinos really want independence? Are they ready for it? What should Congress do?*

Do they want it? The politicians have persuaded the ignorant masses that they want it, too. The property owners are opposed to it but are afraid to say so lest the politicians "take it out" on them if it comes. The rising generation of students are not so keen for it; but they, too, are somewhat overawed by the office-holders. Even those Filipinos who advocate independence usually mean, not the American's

idea of it—getting out bag and baggage and leaving them to go it alone and fight their own battles—but some sort of protectorate, with the good jobs and the balance of power in their hands, and Uncle Sam's Army and Navy conveniently ready somewhere to keep off possible invaders] Japan? *War with America, her best customer and a good friend, even with the Philippines as a prize, is the last thing Japan wants.* But with America out, for better or for worse, then the northern shadow lies long over the rich southern archipelago. This is the thought that gives every thinking Filipino pause. Germany? Well, *the behavior of the Kaiser's Admiral in Manila Bay, after Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, still seems peculiar.*

Are they ready? Here, also, the question is one of definition. For the Mexican style of republic, yes; *they could hardly do worse than Mexico, even if the latter has had about a century's experience of so-called republican rule.* Possibly they could do as well as Cuba, which has only gone on the rocks once since America made her independent. This, however, is extremely doubtful, for the Philippines are a country vastly greater in area and less homogeneous in population than Cuba. Even the Filipinos of late are a bit distrustful of the neutralization theory. *Does the United States want her one, big long-distance attempt to shoulder "the white man's burden," which has been held up to the world as a demonstration of what we could do if we tried, to turn out a Malay Mexico?*

To erect a free, independent state, in which the common people shall take part and have their rights secured, and to give it a reasonable expectation of permanence, at least three conditions have yet to be achieved: (1) *An economic basis.* The whole annual revenue of the Philippines now would barely purchase one first-class battleship, and of the business which produces this revenue more than half is in Chinese hands, the rest practically all in hands European or American. (2) *A fair percentage of literacy, and a voting middle class.* (3) *A reasonable period of practice in self-government after the development of a popular electorate.* A com-

mon language would be an immense asset, especially to a people so diverse in race and language and culture as the Filipinos, but Switzerland and some other countries get on without it.

How long this will take, no man knows. The Filipinos are unquestionably the farthest advanced of the Malay peoples; they have good possibilities and are coming on steadily, but they still have far to go. *One generation from Spain's withdrawal would be a miraculously short time to accomplish what the Filipinos must, if they would build a state that shall be a worthy example to the rest of the brown race and endure among the strong nations of the East.*

WOMENFOLK: A DEDICATION

MARGARET WIDDEMER

YOU fret and grieve and turn about
To make this world and living out,
With "This is so," and "That is so——"
Ah, sirs, we learned it long ago!

If you should make an angel tell
What Mary learned of Gabriel
Yet could you know the flaming words
That pierced her with the seven swords?
And if some fiend-snake hissed you low
All he told Eve where God's trees grow,
Yet could you learn the thing she learned
Who sobbing out of Eden turned?
We watched with smiling mother-eyes
The while you stormed, and thought you wise
At God's great walls, as if you beat
Like babes, with angry hands and feet:
For God who bound our feet and hands
And laid us under your commands,
Still left us silence, love, and pain

And dreams to hide and peace to gain . . .
Why, when you search beyond a doubt
The farthest star's last secret out,
Some woman from her nook shall smile
(Laying her needle down the while)
"Dear, that old dream I told to you?
You smiled . . . I thought you always knew!"

The thing we tell is no new thing,
A wisdom born of suffering—
That there is pain, and there is love,
And God's great silence still above,
And this is all—though you have hurled
Your strength forever on the world.

Quick, let us speak to you, ere yet
Passed from our silence we forget;
Like you, with crowds made deaf and blind,
With dealings close to humankind:
Be swift, for soon we too shall be
With no more place for memory,
Going unfettered as man goes,
And scarcely wounded more—who knows?
For all our Vala-dreams may lift
Like Tyre-smoke and Atlantis-drift . . .

Listen, most dear, this while that we
At once have speech and memory!

THE WOMAN'S HOUR IN CHINA

JEAN WHITE

WHEN the Republic was established in China in 1911, seven women were appointed as active members in the Assembly of Canton. Such an appointment would, on the face of it, have been impossible, had not these women been equipped, mentally, to fill adequately the high position to which they were elected.

A rather amusing fact in connection with the selection of one of these women was that her husband begged her not to use his name when in office. He urged that to do so would reflect upon his personal ability. His chagrin and mortification were great, for he had been among the "also rans," and thought that he should have been chosen instead of a woman.

The appointment of these seven women is only one of many instances that give the lie to the opinion, generally accepted by the Occidental mind, that the women of China are poor, downtrodden creatures, held as mere chattels, and treated as drudging nonentities whose sole reason for being is their ability to breed sons and look after purely domestic affairs.

The Chinese woman has never been a chattel in the true sense of the word. Her spirit has *always* been free, and she has frequently translated this same free spirit into acts.

This is evidenced in graphic fashion by the fact that in the Shen Tock district of the Province of Canton, the bride returns to her mother's home to live, buying and sending a slave girl in her place to serve as a wife to her husband. That a Chinese girl must marry is a *sine qua non,* for a woman has no status until she is wed. But the women of this particular district are not compelled to live with the husband selected for them *after* marriage, either by law or the force of public opinion.

Fear has really been at the root of the opposition, and men have, therefore, always cast the onus of opprobrium on

the efforts of public-spirited women to wield power outwardly.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, who met the women members of the Canton Assembly during the progress of her world tour, declared, after interviewing them from every angle of the question, that the women of China have practically always been suffragists in theory but had not had the general opportunity of coming before the public until the Republic was established. The Republic of China was modeled upon that of the United States and almost immediately everything Occidental was adopted.

Women blossomed out in every field of endeavor—political, economic, educational—and showed themselves at least equal to men in tackling national problems. They demonstrated their receptive attitude to modern thought and ways as soon as they had the opportunity of showing it, thus proving that they had the background and foundation of centuries of independence of thought to support them.

From time immemorial women, to express themselves, have been obliged to resort to methods wholly contrary to their natures. The women of China have been no exception to this rule. They have been no whit behind their Occidental sisters in *finessing* for what they wanted; and, in common with their Western sisters, have obtained their ends by subtle, feminine wiles. They have bound their feet and oiled their hair to appear desirable, and to cajole the men into allowing them each to be a little dowager empress in her own home, holding the purse and directing the household economics.

Lulled into a sense of security by this seeming subservience to their wishes, even the elders of a Chinese village, who settle all local disputes without recourse to law, consult and advise with the women of their households before taking action on a question, relying on the woman's natural shrewdness and vision, in public affairs as well as in matters domestic.

A striking example that cannot fail to prove a Chinese woman's participation in matters of national welfare is that

of Lo Chiew Chin. This remarkable woman was one of the leaders of the Chinese revolution, which resulted in the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the formation of the Republic.

When she was but a child, her father, a civil mandarin and noted scholar, gave Lo Chiew Chin the same opportunity for an education that Chinese custom usually accords to male offspring alone. The young girl absorbed the ancient classics to such purpose that she soon became well known as an author herself, a book of her poems being recently printed in Shanghai.

During the Boxer troubles, she was living in Pekin, and was so impressed by the corruption of the Manchu government that she began to advocate radical reforms, in spite of the opposition of her husband, who was a conservative government official. Finally, rather than relinquish her patriotic ideals and principles, she left him and had her marriage annulled, a most unusual proceeding for a Chinese woman.

In 1904, she went to Japan to study conditions, and there met the great rebel leader, Sun Yat-Sen, and many others of the new party whose object was the overthrow of the Manchus and the establishment of a republic similar to that of the United States. Chiew Chin immediately joined the organization, and enthusiastically began to spread its propaganda. She established a Chinese Suffrage Magazine in Tokyo, called "*The Justice,*" which aroused many of her fellow countrymen to take an interest in the fight for rights and liberty, so soon to begin in China.

In 1906, returning to Shanghai, she began the publication of a woman's paper, and established a large school for girls, that they might grasp the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, on which she lectured so eloquently. To sound out the temper of the common people she frequently disguised herself as a man, so that she might travel third class and mix with the rougher element unobserved.

About this time her cousin, Hsui See Lin, instigated a plot to kill the governor of Anhui province. Chiew Chin

raised many volunteers to assist in the fighting, which took place after the governor's assassination and which was the beginning of the revolutionary movement of the Anhui province. The uprising was temporarily quelled after Hsui was killed in action, and Chiew Chin was arrested. The names of the conspirators were demanded from her, but the dauntless woman refused to tell them, even though she knew that her life was at stake.

Raising her head high, she proudly faced her inquisition.

'I will tell you nothing," she said. "Though I am but a woman, I can die for my country, but cannot betray my friends."

She was beheaded that same night, China's first woman martyr.

The daring spirit of the women of China has a further exemplification in the person of Cheuk Wan, a young girl of Canton, who helped to manufacture explosives for the destruction of Canton City in 1911. Cheuk Wan posed as the wife of the youthful Revolutionary hero, Lee Sing—who threw the bomb that killed the governor of Canton Province—in order that she might work with the men who were engaged in the plot to destroy the city. The especial bomb that killed the governor was made by the young girl herself, and she traveled many times from Hongkong to Canton with her clothes literally packed tight with dynamite, which had to be transferred secretly into Chinese territory.

The enterprise of these Chinese women is remarkable. During the Revolution, and since the Republic has been declared in operation, women have been heads of co-educational institutions, principals of girls' schools, artists, politicians, authors, playwrights, as well as actresses—the last forbidden by tradition for many centuries; they have headed Amazon regiments and run newspapers, the women of Heung Shan district, Canton Province, establishing a newspaper there, which they edited with marked success both during and after the Revolution.

More recently, in February, 1916, Mrs. Chung, wife of the Commissioner of Education in Canton, Wing Kwong Chung, made a speech at the celebration banquet given by the Revolutionary party at a New York City restaurant, which was the hit of the evening. She spoke on the significance of the establishment of the Chinese Republic, showing a man's grasp of economics and politics. Her points were made with the skill of a seasoned orator, and were appreciatively applauded by a number of Columbia professors and other men of note, interested in this newest Republic's outlook.

The Chinese woman is a natural born platform speaker and keenly alive to the advantages of a rounded education. The career of Liu Fung Lin is a notable example of the responsive attitude of mind held by Chinese girls towards the higher branches of learning. A daughter of one of Dr. Sun's most intimate friends and earliest supporters, Miss Liu, is a graduate of the Teachers' College at Columbia, and is about to return to Canton, China, to take charge of a large girls' school there. She has travelled all over the Eastern States speaking in behalf of education for Chinese women, her dynamic oratory opening the eyes and purses of many in the cause of the Chinese woman's thirst for knowledge. In one of her speeches, Miss Liu said: "My father never made any distinction between his sons and daughters in the matter of educational opportunities. He gave us an equal chance with our brothers to study. But he was an exception. The average parent educates the sons only. I am grateful for the fate which made me my father's daughter, for I am now ready to take my place in the field opened to the women of China through the establishment of the Republic."

Even before the Chinese Revolution, however, educated Chinese girl teachers broke through the established custom of secluded living and risked their reputations by going into country villages during their vacation time, without pay, to teach their less fortunate sisters the principles of education. The village girls were not allowed to go to the great school in Canton, as no Chinese girl is permitted to leave the village

in which she is born except for the one into which she marries.

Over ten years ago the writer during her educational tours, took a number of Chinese girl teachers and, after a heartbreaking fight against hidebound custom and tradition, succeeded in opening and establishing some fifty schools in different country villages. They met with every kind of opposition, even, as in the instance of Shan Tau, being stoned out of the village. But they persisted, with the gratifying result that at present in Harlo Tseng alone there are no less than five regular schools, taught by Chinese unmarried girls. This was formerly taboo by Chinese convention, but the influx of Christian teachers, doctors and other educators has given the girls the impetus toward freer methods of not only thought but of action.

Even years before this, elderly Chinese women, usually widows—as their husbands would have forbidden it otherwise—went about the interior preaching the precepts of Christianity and speaking in public, a modus operandi against all established Chinese sentiment.

Again, in this country, in San Francisco, as far back as 1903, Seid Kum-kum made a speech on Chinese politics before an audience of men, driving her points home with irrefutable logic, and winning many to her cause. Some months later Mrs. Lo Lin, whose case was widely exploited by a New York paper at the time of her landing in America, held an audience of several Chinese men of all classes and conditions speechless with amazement and indignation when she told of the indignities she suffered while in the detention pen for the Chinese Women Immigrants in San Francisco. Prior to this, Mrs. Lo Lin had never appeared as a public speaker in any capacity whatever, save as a teacher in a girls' school. The story of her sufferings caused tears to spring to the eyes of the usually stolid sons of Han, and steps were taken toward bettering the conditions of the detention pen. At this mass-meeting were present many foreigners who were interested in one way or another in matters Chinese and who expressed themselves shocked that such

conditions could exist in a civilized country. But that is all of more recent date. A woman in ancient times in all countries usually had to be a courtesan to wield open power, for the reason that publicity of any sort for a respectable woman was frowned upon as not according to the code. This was the case in China. As far back as 32 B. C. the reigning emperor's judgment on state affairs was greatly moulded by the Lady Pann, who besides being a political influence to be reckoned with, was also a poetess of parts. One of her many poems which are quoted to this day runs as follows:

> "O, fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
> Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow—
> See! Friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
> Round as the round moon shines in heaven above.
> At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
> Stirring at every move the grateful gale:
> And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
> Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,
> Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
> All thoughts of bygone days, like them, bygone."

It was from this poem that the figurative phrase "autumn fan" has passed into the Chinese language as the symbol for a neglected wife.

That the Lady Pann was tactful and discreet as well as powerful and charming is evidenced by her reply to the emperor's request that she ride beside him in his carriage of state. This was contrary to all custom, so Lady Pann archly replied: "Your handmaiden has heard that wise rulers of old were always accompanied by virtuous ministers, but never that women rode by their side."

And so the subtle influence and dormant power of the Chinese woman has gathered momentum throughout the ages. They have long been open-minded and ripe for broader views. It needed but the moral support of Occidental civilization to permit them to show their receptive attitude toward modern thought and ways, for they already had the background and foundation which enabled them to grasp the opportunity when it offered. The Revolution was

the match that started a mighty conflagration of activity in every line of endeavor.

For ourselves in the future, the most mortifying Yellow Peril we have to fear from the Chinese women is the rivalry with the women of this country along lines of common interest.

Mabel Lee, daughter of the Rev. Lee To, superintendent of the Union Chinese Mission, New York City, outstripped many of her Occidental sisters when she took her Baccalaureate degree from Columbia College last June where she was the president of the Philosophy Club, and specialized on political economy, winning great praise for her masterly exposition of the subject.

THREE POEMS

KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE FIRST BLUEBIRDS

THE poor earth was so winter-marred,
Harried by storm so long,
It seemed no spring could mend her,
No tardy sunshine render
Atonement for such wrong.
Snow after snow, and gale and hail,
Gaunt trees encased in icy mail,
The glittering drifts so hard
They took no trace
Of scared, wild feet,
No print of fox and hare
Driven by dearth
To forage for their meat,
Even in dooryard bare
And frosty lawn
Under the peril of the human race;
And then one primrose dawn,
Sweet, sweet, O sweet,
And tender, tender,
The bluebirds woke the happy earth
With song !

THE THRACIAN STONE

"The faieries gave him the propertie of the Thracian stone: for who toucheth it is exempted from griefe."

THE fairies to his cradle came to play their fairy part,
Their footsteps like the laughter of a leaf;
They touched him with the Thracian stone that setteth free the heart—
O dream-enchanted, singing heart!—forever free from grief.

The wind it could not blow a way that failed to please him well;
Beyond the rain he saw the March skies blue,
With hope of April violets; he cast his fairy spell
Over our flawed and tarnished world, creating all things new.

He bore the burden of his day, the burden and the heat,
As blithely as a seagull breasts the gale,
Glorying that God should trust his strength. The color of ripe wheat
Was on his life when it was flung beneath pain's threshing-flail.

He fronted that grim challenge like some resplendent knight
Who rides against foul foes of fen and wood;
With ringing song of onset, his spirit, hero-bright,
Went tilting with a sunbeam against the dragon brood.

Then dusky shapes stole on him, Queen of the Quaking Isle,
Queens of the Land of Longing and the Waste;
He bowed him to their bidding with a secret in his smile;
He quaffed their bitter cups that left ambrosia on the taste.

Last came the King of Terrors, and lo! his iron crown
Had twinkled to a silver fairy-cap;
Like two old friends they took the road to Love-and-Beauty town,
That's here and there and everywhere on all the starry map.

OUR FIRST FAMILIES

SWEET are the manners of the wood,
Our only old society,
Where all the folk are glad and good
In unrebuked variety.

Within this gentle commonweal,
No envy falls with fairy gold
On jewel-weed and Solomon's seal,
Moth mullein and marsh marigold.

No rubied vines despise the lot
Of ragged neighbors; whether moss
Be flat or tufted matters not,
Pale peat or glittering feather-moss.

The common milkweed holds estates
And wears his purple royalty;
The bluets keep their ancient traits
With quiet Quaker loyalty.

These families of long descent,
Our tutors in amenities,
Have pedigrees of such extent
They well may share serenities.

Ere first the hollow Catacombs
Thrilled to a Christian litany
There bloomed beside the red-men's homes
Spicebush and fragrant dittany.

This rock's huge shadow rested on
Gentian and nodding trillium
Before the rise of Babylon,
Before the fall of Ilium!

THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF NEWFOUNDLAND IN A SUBMARINE WAR

Senator P. T. McGrath

AMONG the outstanding revelations with regard to the present War, in respect to the future of Canada and any Canadian policy of preparedness, is that of the strategic value of Newfoundland—the island which stands as the sentinel of the St. Lawrence, the guardian of the Gulf, the controlling factor in the seafaring development of Canada's commerce, and yet the only portion of British America which does not belong to the Canadian Confederation and is independent of the rule of the Ottawa Government.

For nearly fifty years, since the very founding of the Canadian Confederation, that country has desired its absorption, but this is only possible by the will of the Newfoundland electorate, and this it has never proved possible to obtain so far. Some think that it may follow as an outcome of the War—through the heavy financial burdens assumed by Newfoundland in the endeavor to do her part to assist the Motherland in the present struggle, through the lesson taught by war of the helplessness of small nations, and the contrary evidence that union is strength and through the need for Canada to secure the island as a dominant factor in any future scheme of naval and military defence she may design.

The strategic value of Newfoundland to North America, as revealed by this War, is very great. Indeed, it is not an exaggeration to claim that the possession of this island is indispensable to the future security of the United States in the event of war. Newfoundland's potential value is enormous. Her coast is the landing place of twelve of the transatlantic cables—the two great systems—the Western Union and the Commercial—having abandoned in the main all other

cable routes to locate on her seaboard within the past ten years, because, lying as she does about midway between New York and Ireland, she forms a halfway house and thus enables the cables to be worked with greater efficiency than by any other channel. Her seaboard is also the home of some of the world's largest wireless stations, by the employment of which the British Admiralty has been able since the present War began, to direct the operations of the cruisers, patrol-ships and gunboats of the British and French fleets, that have converted the western ocean into an Allied Lake.

Moreover, the hundreds of fishing villages that indent her seaboard are also the home of multitudes of hardy fishermen, equal even to the famed British bluejackets themselves, and here, with a prescience rarely credited to the British, the Admiralty established, nearly 20 years ago, a Naval Reserve, training up thereby some thousands of fisherfolk to assist the regular bluejackets of the Mother Country, which Naval Reservists are now to be found in all classes of British warships, from submarines to super-dreadnoughts, and from the tiniest trawler engaged in mine-sweeping, to the lordly battle-cruisers that smashed Von Spee's squadron at the Falkland Islands a year and a half ago.

Creating a naval arm has been shown to be Canada's weakest point in the present struggle. Although she has enlisted 600,000 men for her army, she has been unable to make any show in embodying naval units. Before the outbreak of hostilities she had two "disclassed" British warships as a nucleus of a Navy, *the Niobe* on the Atlantic and *the Rainbow* on the Pacific, and when war began she was obliged to obtain from the Admiralty the men of two gunboats used in Behring Sea, the *Algerine and Sheerwater*, and bring them across to Halifax to help man *the Niobe*, getting more men by advertising in the Canadian cities for time-expired British bluejackets, and ultimately obtaining, through the Admiralty also, 120 Naval Reservists from Newfoundland to complete the *Niobe's* complement. After a year the latter ship was put out of commission and her crew were drafted to England, but even now the men

on the Canadian patrol-ships along the Atlantic seaboard are largely Newfoundlanders and it is admitted in Canada that when that country undertakes the building and manufacturing of a Navy, either on the Australian plan or as an adjunct to the British fleet, she will have to get the crews, therefore, from the Newfoundland fisherfolk.

These, however, are the least of the potentialities of this remarkable island. Its chief value lies in the fact that the power which possesses it has in it the means of providing a base for its naval forces rarely equalled elsewhere in the world, and of exercising thereby an influence on Canada's development which cannot be otherwise approached. To realize what this means it is only needful to study the map of the North Atlantic. As Canada's proposed Hudson Bay route has not yet become operative, it may be dismissed because it will play only a very small part in any scheme of sea warfare. The St. Lawrence route, however, presents a totally different proposition. As the map shows, access to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is had by two arteries—Belle Isle Strait, to the North of Newfoundland, and Cabot Strait to the south. The former is but 14 miles wide and the latter but 60.

The former provides the shorter route between Montreal and England and from mid-July, when it is free of ice, till the close of the St. Lawrence navigation at the end of November, it is utilized by nearly all the freight and passenger ships in the Canadian trade. The southern channel, or Cabot Strait, which represents an additional 160 miles on the voyage, is used from the end of April when the St. Lawrence River opens, until the middle of July, when Belle Isle Strait is traversable. Halifax and St. John are Canada's winter ports and the route to them is identical with that via Cabot Strait, until rounding Cape Race, when the two lines diverge somewhat.

It must be perfectly obvious, as an outcome of the lessons of naval warfare in the present struggle, that on the one hand the power owning Newfoundland and controlling operations within its waters, would be able, by use of nets and other

appliances employed to impede submarines at present, to render Belle Isle Strait inaccessible for these, while the type of big guns now in use would enable land forts to prevent hostile cruisers forcing through that channel; whereas on the other hand, submarines operating by the power owning all the adjacent seaboard, would render it impossible for an enemy to approach this seaway at all. It may, therefore, be assumed that in any future naval war this channel would not be utilized at all, except by the power owning the nearby coasts, and which would thus enjoy the great advantage of being able to pass ships in and out at its convenience and without serious fear of interference by hostile naval units. Even before the War began, proposals were sanctioned by the Newfoundland Legislature for the constructing of a railroad from Quebec eastward along the south coast of Labrador and across Newfoundland territory, which is the eastern section of that peninsula, to Cape Charles on the Atlantic face, with which terminus steamers would ply to and from Europe, and it was also proposed to construct a railroad up the west coast of Newfoundland from Bonne Bay, the present proposed terminus of the Island's railroad system, and to connect the two either by a fast ferry across Belle Isle Strait or by a tunnel run beneath it. Because of the War this scheme languished, but it is by no means improbable that it will materialize after the restoration of peace.

Vastly more serious, however, is the position with regard to the southern entrance, Cabot Strait. As its nearest point, between Cape North in Nova Scotia and Cape Ray in Newfoundland, it is but 60 miles wide, and this is the only channel through which Canada's seaborne commerce could pass. Hence its importance became enhanced and the possibilities implied therein through the new developments in naval warfare only need to be pondered a little to be vividly realized. A hostile power possessing Newfoundland could absolutely bottle up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, prevent egress or ingress, cripple Canada's seaborne trade and reduce her to comparative impotence so far as the movements of her commerce were concerned. It is true that she would still

have Halifax and St. John (New Brunswick) available, but ocean shipping to ply between these ports and Europe, would be subject to the raiding operations of enemy commerce-destroyers using as a base St. John's (Newfoundland) or other ports in the Island, which might be converted into fortified harbors for such purposes. On the other hand, with Newfoundland held by Canada, with St. John's and other suitable forts fortified, with the control of the submarine cables and land-line telegraphs, the wireless stations and the railroads, it would be next to impossible for an enemy to do any effective damage to Canadian cities, territory, or shipping, because of the warnings that would be furnished by the agencies effective in behalf of Canada through the utilization of Newfoundland as an outpost which she could thus be made.

For Canada to gain the fullest advantage from the favorable position of Newfoundland with regard to the future conduct of warfare in the seas that front Canada's eastern coast line, it is certain that the project heretofore often considered but never heretofore carried out by British authorities (because of the cost) of making a great naval station at St. John's will be brought into effect. Ships plying along the northern sea lanes of the Atlantic at present, invariably make for St. John's when damaged, and it has also been for many years an outpost for a British naval squadron employed primarily in policing the Grand Banks and other fishing stations frequented by the Newfoundland, Canadian, American, French, and Portuguese fishing flotillas, and also in maintaining the vigilant oversight of deep water shipping that has characterized the British Empire. West of Cape Race of course, Halifax (Nova Scotia), could afford merchantmen protection, but east of Cape Race, across the Grand Banks, and away towards mid-ocean they would be defenceless; though it is there, in the open seas, where even the wireless telegraph would be of but doubtful value because of the ease with which the enemies read its records, that an enemy would most certainly lie in wait for his prey.

In the event of a naval struggle, merchant ships between

midocean and the Newfoundland coast, would need a refuge, and warships a haven to refit, repair damages, and communicate with headquarters. St. John's is an ideal centre for this purpose, being a landlocked harbor encircled by cliffs 600 feet high with a narrow but deep entrance and capable of being made impregnable at a very moderate expense. It is in close proximity to the Atlantic highways, possesses the largest dry-dock in America, and has iron works where the repair of war and freight vessels might be expedited. It was fortified until 1870, when the Imperial Government of the day inaugurated the policy of throwing the defence of the overseas empire on the various colonial possessions, and though the forts and barracks are now obsolete, yet it would be no more difficult to make St. John's a Gibraltar than it was to accomplish any of the seeming miracles that have been achieved, since the present War began, in every theatre of the struggle and in every aspect of naval and military efficiency.

WARTIME SKETCHES

JAY CAMPBELL

PART II

"THE train for Paris, *Monsieur,* is it on time?" I asked.

"There is yet five minutes, *Monsieur* (I noticed his whimsical smile, sectioned by the grating of the ticket window)—"also, it will probably be late."

Then, handing me my ticket, he continued, as if glad to find even a listener, in his once bustling little station:

"It is *ennuyeux* that the trains run so badly now; but, after all, it's only just that we who don't fight should wait for the soldiers to pass."

"Are there many?" I asked.

"Not so many now; but before, they passed always, all day, all night. Now it's mostly the Anglais. They don't stop here often, but they always wave their hands at me *trés gentiment,* like the *braves garcons* they are . . . and have you seen the *écossais? Quel chic,* with their *petits bonnets,* and their *drole* skirts. The women all want to know what they wear beneath them!"—and his kindly eyes twinkled so merrily, that, for an instant, they shook off the veil of seriousness, with which the War has enshrouded all France.

"They are magnifique, the écossais!" he flung over his shoulder, as he dashed across to his chattering telegraph instrument.

I sat down to wait.

How different the waiting room was from the times when I used to come early, to watch the people: brown, honest-eyed farmers and their good-natured, rotund wives, both stiffly starched and pressed into their colorful clothes; country louts and giggling maidens; and, above all, innumerable squirming children, ruffled and frilled and decorated, till they were just little bundles, with humanity sticking uncomfortably out at the top. Some awkward and wondered-eyed,

among their strange surroundings, others laughing and romping, to the danger of all their finery and curls.

Now, there was no one to laugh, no one at all, except myself and some sober-faced peasants, there in the corner. Even they were half concealed by the huge back of the gray-haired man, intent on an obscured somebody seated in front of him. On the bench, underneath his right arm, was an earnest, pale-faced mother, with one arm protectingly around a little blonde girl, the other clasped lovingly a hand of the unknown, at whom she gazed, with a mixture of pride and grief.

Beneath the man's left arm, I caught a glimpse of an old, old woman, so shriveled and wrinkled that she looked for all the world like an Egyptian mummy. She, too, held a hand of the mysterious one, demanding, in her high-pitched, tottering voice:

". . . . Jean, you'll think *unpeu of your old grand'-mère* . . . and you'll write to her sometimes, to her *toute seule?*"

"You know I will, *grand'-mère!*"

"And when you reach Strassbourg, in the grand cathedral, you will pray for the soul of your *grand-père?* He fell there, Jean."

"Yes, grand'-mère."

"Remember, Jean, when you fight the Prussians, you fight for him, also."

"Yes, *grand'-mère.*"

"You have always his button to sew on your uniform?"

"Yes, *gran* . . ."

"Your lunch, Jean! You didn't forget that?" interrupted the mother, anxiously,—"and the sewing kit, . . . and the flannel for your neck, if you catch cold . . .?"

"*Mais qu'est ce que tu fais, voyons?*" roared the father. "Jean's not a mollycoddle! Jean's a soldier! Aren't you, Jean, *mon brave?*"

A resouding slap landed on Jean's shoulder, as the father turned, disclosing him, a manly, fair-haired boy of about eighteen.

He glanced at his mobilization armband and the tiny French flag, that he had pinned to the lapel of his coat.

"Yes, mon père! he answered, proudly.

"But the bandages!" broke in the mother, excitedly. "Promise me you'll keep those, at least! . . . If you should be woun . . .!"

She choked, and others' feelings came near the breaking point.

"Yes, *ma mère,* I promise!" said Jean, tenderly, as his father dragged him across the room, to deliver a father's last advice, in a voice that wavered, at the pauses, and broke off, strange and stifled, at the end.

The child sprang up, frightened.

"Oh, père!" she implored, "don't let Jean be killed!"

Long pent up feelings burst forth.

The face of the grand-mother quivered and strained, as she strove to master her emotion, then cleared again, when the tears streamed from her eyes. The mother sobbed softly to herself.

The boy turned and spied her.

Dashing across the room, he gathered her up, in his arms.

"There, maman cherie! You mustn't worry like that . . . I won't get hurt, . . . and I'll be back soon, maybe, with the *medaille!*"—and he lowered her gently back to the bench, and sat down beside her.

It was too much, even for me, and I am afraid that a tear rolled down my cheek.

"*Regardez l'Americain!*" exclaimed the child.

Then he turned on me eyes so eloquently grateful, that I knew the hearts of one family were mine forever.

The son jumped up, and striding over to me, stuck out his hand.

"*Bonjour,* camarade!" he said, in his manly voice. "*Bonne chance!* I will come back!"

FRANCE

The curtain shut out the *Cadi,* the *genii,* the fabulous caravan and the oriental splendor of Marouf.

A volley of applause, and the lights brought back drab reality.

After all, the world was only the shabby, ordinary world, and people, shabby, ordinary people, who stood up in their places, and stared through opera-glasses, or swelled the crowds, pouring out the aisles, for the fussy promenade in the foyer.

I waited in my seat.

Glancing at my program, "*Soldats de France,*" I read: but one did not need the stage and actors for that. One had only to turn toward the two stage boxes, people with crutches and bandages, and what was left of men.

Their weather-beaten uniforms, like their broken bodies, had fought the battles of France, and lent to their faces a still greater air of wreck and doom, but not a flicker of regret.

They had not gone out, like the others; few of them were able; but they sat talking quietly, gazing down at the people below, with the interest and wonder of little children. Yet often, their regard strayed back to their own breasts, and rested on the medals there; and a look of pride and of duty well fulfilled made their faces glow.

They had given their manhood, their hopes of success in life, henceforth, to drag out their existence, a burden to themselves and to the world. They had received a bit of ribboned metal. They were happy at the exchange.

I tried hard to appreciate the glory of it; but pity blotted that out, till I had to look away. My eyes took refuge among the filmy gods and goddesses in the great, dark dome, where my imagination, inconsolable, began to reconstruct the moment, years ago, when, during a performance, the crystal chandelier, hanging there, fell, crushing out the lives of many of the audience and setting fire to the theatre.

I turned away in horror.

People were drifting back to their seats.

A bell rang, and the orchestra bobbed in, through the little door under the stage.

Another bell, and they struck up the march of the "*Sambre et Meuse,*" which died away, as the curtain rose; then was caught up by an approaching band, somewhere in the distance.

On the stage, the inhabitants, also, heard the band and rushed out of their houses, into the wooded village-square.

Nearer and nearer, it came, till we could hear the tramp of marching feet. It burst into sight, round the corner: a care free, débonnaire band, at the head of a column of the rakish soldiers of the French Revolution. Through the village they marched, then returning, halted in the square.

The band struck up the "*Chant du Départ.*"

While the officers and villagers were singing, there tramped into view another column of soldiers, in the uniform of those, for whose safety, beat every heart in that vast audience, and, on whose fate, hung the fate of France. Not débonnaire this time, but serious and determined.

They, too, halted and joined in the singing.

As the last note died away, there appeared and advanced to the front of the stage a woman, draped in a French flag.

She was not an ethereal goddess, but a substantial woman, a woman of the people, with a woman's thoughts and a woman's longings.

In the stillness, gripping the crowded opera house, she began the first notes of the "*Marseillaise.*"

The orchestra took it up.

The wonderful tune and the wonderful words hammered at the hearts of the listeners, till they forced an entrance.

Finally, when the singer raised the flag to her lips and began the verse:

"*Amour sacrée de la Patrie . . .*,"

human self-control broke down.

The bandaged, mutilated occupants of the two stage boxes struggled to contain themselves. The tears poured from their eyes. Wave after wave of emotion swept over the audience, till some, unable longer to restrain themselves, wildly waved their arms,and their voices broke, as incoher-

ently they cried out, "*Vive!* . . . *Vive!* . . . *Vive la France!*"

There was no longer a stuffy theatre, filled with a few hundred men and women, listening to a singer, draped in bunting. There was no longer any War. The enemy was forgotten. There was no longer any hatred, any suffering.

There was only France, France eternal, la Patrie!

I understood, then, the expressions on the faces of the soldiers, as they marched away; on those of the mothers and sisters, that they had left behind; on those of so many of the poor red-legged corpses, that I had seen, among the hay-fields of the Marne.

When the last frenzied applause had followed the last encore, I wandered out, with the silent crowd.

Near the door, however, I heard talking, in English, and looked up to discover, just ahead of me, emerging into the bleakness of a winter afternoon, an old gentleman, leaning on the arm of his pretty daughter.

"Papa," she was saying, "aren't the French people funny? They get excited just over an old song . . . and they've all heard it lots of times before."

THE OTHER BATTLE LINE

"*Bon jour, Monsieur!*"

"*Bon jour, Marie!*" I replied, and dropped my newspaper, to see, advancing through the opening door, first my breakfast tray, then Marie. The same filmy lace cap perched jauntily on her childish blonde head, the same chic little black dress, the same doll's apron, with the pockets, that I knew Marie's hands were even then itching to inhabit.

But when I looked for the fresh smile, that was a part of Marie, I started. There was a smile, a brave little smile, but struggling for existence, beneath a whole multitude of troubles. Her blue eyes, too, were swollen and tear-stained, and her cheeks had lost their color. Only her saucy nose still peered healthily from out this depth of woe, and so drolly, that I wanted to laugh; but I knew that Marie's troubles must be real ones.

She set down the tray and deftly laid my breakfast out on the dining-table before me; then, with her usual "*Bon appétit, Monsieur!*" she turned to go. Thinking better of it, however, she hesitated, stepped backward, and forgotting her pockets, laid her hands back against the wall, on each side of her.

"*Pardon, Monsieur,*" she faltered, "but would *Monsieur* mind having a cold lunch today?"

"Why no, Marie," I answered, "and even that isn't necessary, if you want the day off. I'll have my lunch in a restau— . . . but what in the world is the matter?" For, with the smallest handkerchief that I ever saw, Marie was dabbing furiously at her eyes.

"*Oh, Monsieur!*" she sobbed, "Pierre is dead . . . and father has volunteered!"

"I'm so . . ." (I was going to say sorry, but Marie was lost in her grief).

When she had somewhat recovered, she drew from her blouse a much fingered letter, which she held out to me.

"*Tenez, Monsieur,* here is the letter. . . . Father sent it for you to read. . . . He was so brave, my brother, Pierre!" she added, and her pride shone through her tears.

So this was the end. Less than three months before, an enthusiastic boy had come to tell me good-by, the proudest youngster in all Paris of his bright new uniform. Now, "somewhere in France," probably within the unknown limits of "Secteur Postale No. 12," marked on the letter, he was only one of numberless slain.

With Marie's eyes searching mine, for some expression of the pride of the grief she felt, I read the letter.

It was from Pierre's captain, and told how, retiring, under heavy fire, after an unsuccessful charge, Pierre, among the handful of survivors, reached the French trenches in safety; how, seeing his lieutenant, a few yards behind, fall with a shattered leg, Pierre ran back, picked him up and was carrying him, when he, the would-be rescuer, received a mortal bullet through the lungs; how, staggering on, by a

mighty final effort, he lowered his burden into the trench, before he fell across the parapet, dead.

He would receive the "*Médaille Militaire.*"

"I'm so very sorry, Marie," I said, "but, if I could be as brave as that, I would be willing to die."

She smiled with gratitude.

"*Pauvre, pauvre Pierre!*" she sighed. "My poor little brother!" . . . and my poor father! . . . Oh, if you had seen him last night, *Monsieur,* when he staggered through the door, with that letter, which he held like a poison thing . . . and his face all twisted with grief . . . and his back all bent . . . and you know how straight my father is, *Monsieur,* even though he has more than fifty-seven years.

"He thought that he was calm, and he told us, mother and me, that we must be brave: then he read us the letter. If you had heard how his voice trembled, and how, at the end, it broke into a sob! But instantly, he checked himself, and in a voice that was harsh and rough, 'What a coward I am!' he exclaimed, 'to weep, while France is bleeding! I ought to be proud to suffer!' Then he went up to his room, his face so stern that I was frightened; and his step, on the stair, was as hard and stern as his face, *Monsieur.*

"In a few minutes, we heard him coming down again; and, when he opened the door, there he stood, in his poor, faded uniform of 1870, with the buttons missing, that I had cut off for playthings, and his cap with the broken visor, where I had mashed it in a drawer. He was straight again, now, *Monsieur,* and proud of his *Médaille Militaire,* which he had pinned on his breast. . . . Did you know my father, too, won the *Médaille Militaire?*

"I was stunned; but my mother got up and put her arms around his neck.

"'Are you going, too, Pierre?' she asked.

...."'Yes, Colette, *chèrie.*' His voice was gentle again, *Monsieur.* 'France has need of all her sons, and there is only me to replace Pierre. I am yet strong, and I haven't forgotten of 1870.

"Then, he embraced us both and went out to enroll . . . and he leaves tomorrow, *Monsieur.* That is why I wanted to be excused, to help my mother arrange his things."

Marie paused, and stifled a sob; then bravely tucking her handkerchief in her apron pocket, where her hands, also, found a refuge, she went on, earnestly:

"When my father went out, *Monsieur,* it seemed like the end of the world. I dropped on the floor and laid my head on my mother's knee, and wept.

"My mother stroked my head.

"'My little Marie,' she said, 'I know how you suffer, and think how I suffer; but our suffering, how little it is, in comparison with that of *La Patrie,* of France!'

"But it was too hard, *Monsieur.* I could not understand. It was too much to take my brother and my father . . . and we loved each other so, in our *petite famille.* I could not stand it.

"I complained of headache and fled to my room, and it was necessary many terrible hours, and for my mother also, before I could realize, that even before my father and my brother, I must first love France.

"Now, I understand how the soldiers could smile, as they marched away; now, I'm sure that the *Bon Dieu* will not allow France to be crushed.

"Don't you think so, too, *Monsieur?*"

ON THE BOULEVARD

"Isn't it funny," I mused, "how affectionate everybody has become since the War started, especially the soldiers? They walk along with their families and sweethearts, hand in hand, arm in arm, or arms around their waists, like lovers in a story book."

My friend's face lost its poetry, as he turned and snapped, half maliciously, half amusedly:

"You low-down plagiariser! You're not the only one that reads *La Vie Parisienne!*"

"What are you talking about? I haven't seen it!"

"Well anyway, it's a darn sight better than you said it! Wait, I'll read it."

Reaching in his pocket, he hauled out a copy of that gay weekly, and began to turn over the pages.

"Wait a minute!" I exclaimed, "let's see the pictures!"

"You can do that afterwards. Now listen!"

He doubled back the magazine, squared himself around, rested his elbows on the iron table, and began:

"For several days, we have had in Paris a spectacle infinitely touching. Numerous are the soldiers, who have arrived from the front, for four days. On the streets, they show their blue uniforms 'frayed by victory.' Young or less young, they have an admirable air of health, not a trace of fatigue, a calm and a serenity which shame the too nervous civilians.

"They have found again, with joy, but without astonishment, all the dear objects, all the dear images of their past life, that they will quit tomorrow with the same tranquil courage.

"What strikes one first is the pure ingenousness of their regard. Even the fiercest have a kind face. They are all brave men, and 'brave men' means not only that their bravery is superhuman. They have a big heart. 'France was at the armies,' said Michelet. France has come to make a short visit to Paris.

"The officers, already mature, married, fathers of family, promenade a little solemnly, holding their wives by the arm, and surrounded by all their children. It is seen at a glance they are prouder of their little ones than of their red ribbon (Legion of Honor) and of their War Cross.

"The soldiers, who also have wives, or fiancées, or sweethearts, are no less proud. But they do not give their arms to their sweethearts; they hold hands. And thus they go along the boulevards, among the crowd, like the real, idyllic peasants, in a painting of Bastien Lepage."

EMBATTLED SERBIA

FULLERTON L. WALDO, F. R. G. S.

I SHALL never forget the ruined city of Belgrade as I saw it a year ago, shortly before the Austro-German forces finally battered it into submission and turned it street by street and house by house into a shambles.

The official geographer and I had descended from the train in a suburban sea of red mud where ox-carts floundered and a strident rain lashed the acacias. He was going to the wreckage of his house to retrieve the plates of his ethnographic map, which shows by all the hues of the spectrum that Macedonia from Kavalla to Monastir is not Bulgarian. Windows were shattered, and the key cried out in the rusty lock. "Five officers and five soldiers of Austria drove us away in December," he explained. His violins were taken, his uniforms were torn. The frames of pictures, the chandeliers, the curtains, the chairs, the tables, the beds and their not too flexible trappings, had been ripped apart in a wanton humor of demolition. There, smashed to kindling-wood, was the crib where his child had slumbered. Half of the portrait of his wife smiled down on the wreckage of his home. He buried his face in his hands, and wept.

To her small house on the hill, in the lee of the American Red Cross Hospital, his old aunt had stealthily returned by night. Milka, the gap-toothed servant tried to make us laugh with a lively pantomime of her vain effort to get sugar at the distribution depot.

With a touch of stately ceremony, as though it were the bringing in of the boar's head at a medieval feast, the aged servitor conferred on me a box of safety matches; it was all there was to give, and in the corner the eikon of St. Nicholas, patron saint of the disrupted family, seemed to smile in approval of her fulfilment of the stringent Serbian rubric of hospitality, not forgotten even in time of war.

Upon the profound blue of the sky over the fortress at the other end of the town impinged an Austrian monoplane;

and suddenly there blossomed round it seven dough-lumps of clotted shrapnel-smoke that repelled it in the direction of Semlin and the Island of Tsiganlia, where the Austrian snipers lay in the wood by the last of the up-ended spans of the railway-bridge over the Save. *Was it yesteryear or centuries ago that the Orient Express thundered over that narrow, glistening channel and linked the Golden Horn to the Seine?*

While I made the rounds with Dr. Ryan through corridors that held 9,000 patients in a day, when the Austrians discharged a limping, bandaged caravan upon three brain-fagged and muscle-benumbed American physicians, a tiny lad approached us, scraping and bowing, with a petition. For a diner (less than twenty cents) he had been making music of sorts upon an accordion to frowsy patients on the lawn all afternoon. The little face under the black fur cap was judiciously solemn, but the rest of him was girlish in a white dress, with a flowered green sash and a pink silk scarf that hung from it.

"Small as I am," ran his painfully wrought Cyrillic scripture, "I have a father in the medical ward. His name is Marko Vassilievitch. We are very poor, and if you do not let him come home soon, we shall have nothing. With all my heart I beg you to let him come."

Our Consul at Nish was the sole representative of our Government resident in Serbia. His desk in a one-story whitewashed hovel was bounded on the west by a sofa crammed with newspapers a fortnight stale, and Red Cross doctors in khaki reading them; on the north by a windowless hall filled with a double bed and the piled baggage of transients; on the east by typewriters, volumes of emergency instructions from the State Department, and letter files in half-a-dozen languages reducible to one sharp tongue of petulant inquiry. Out in the garden a mother-hen with chickens and a black dog with puppies watched each other at their meagre meal-times like Bulgaria and Greece; and at the gate by the round shield with its spread eagle was a Serbian sentinel, ragged as autumn leaves. The southern windows

looked into the temporary stabling of the War Ministry across the street, and all day long the castanet of heels and horseshoes on the cobbles kept pace with the rataplan of the consular typewriters on the theme of Austrian prisoners building the railway to Kragujevatz or the possible infection of hides tagged to depart from Salonika.

II

Today there are 150,000 Serbian soldiers at the fighting edge of General Serrail's great army of 680,000 men on the Macedonian frontier. It is a modern miracle how they came there. Some of these Serbs held their fire for two days, when the Austrians began the final assault with the bombardment of Belgrade on October 6, 1915. They lay in the trenches and starved and thirsted till the boats brought the enemy over the river. Then they rose up out of the mud and from behind the building-blocks that were torn out of the streets and piled to form a parapet gave battle. Driven back from the embankment they retired fighting through Belgrade and down the wind-swept, snow-struck Morava valley: thence they marched over the 8,000-foot mountains of Montenegro and Albania to the sea at Medva and Durazzo. On the retreat, with an army from Veljevo, they were joined by two other armies that had been stationed further to the east to block a Bulgarian incursion. Once at the shore the survivors of the terrible katabasis found boats to convey them to the island of Corfu, which became a vast hospital with an overflow to the islet of Vido, fitly styled "the Death Island," adjoining. Several hundred thousand of the civil population, preceding the military, came away from their little farms and cottages to thread the mountain trails through mud and snow to the Adriatic, and as the fugitives came to the shore the Austrians wrecked ships that were sent from Italy to aid them and kept aeroplanes hovering over their shelterless desolation to drop bombs. Perhaps not more than half of those who started reached their destination. Of thirty thousand boys approaching military age twenty-three thousand perished.

But let it be borne in mind that perhaps three million Serbs remained in the country preferring to risk the evils of temporary serfdom rather than fly to others that they knew not of. In the Austrian army are many soldiers Serbian by nationality and sympathy who have taken arms most unwittingly against their countrymen and whose capture is more like an "old home week" celebration than durance vile. Even the Austrians who are not of the Serbian fold have been welcome, share and share alike, to whatever their captors had. When I was at Nish there were 10,000 of these working on the railway-line to Kragnjevatz, apparently happier with pick and shovel than when bearing arms. There were droves of Austrian prisoners in Nish, and one of them was chef of the eating-club formed by the diplomatic circle, where I had my meals. He was not under the slightest restraint, and was treated with entire consideration by those to whom he ministered. With 80,000 people living in houses built to hold 20,000, where he got the raw material for the admirable repasts he served us was a continuing wonderment.

The Serbian Parliament, the Skupshtina, is now in session at Corfu, and the chief officers of administration are there, after an ox-cart migration from Nish to Chachak, Mitravstza, Monastir and even Salonika.

The aged King Peter has recently been sojourning in Chalcis, Greece, on the eastern coast, within easy reach of the regenerated army now fighting northwest of Salonika in the Lake Ostrovo region.

A nation of such a spirit is unconquerable, and whatever the "old, unhappy, far-off things" of dynasty murderously arrayed against dynasty, the memory of them is blotted out in a glorious redemption that has won the homage of the world.

THE CYCLONE

MARY GAUNT

(*Concluded*)

STILL there was not much communication between the Vai men and the Kroo boys and he might fairly hope for a little breathing space in which to work. Give him forty-eight hours and he would not care if all Lower Buchanan hummed with his exploit. And Matthew Fenton worked the next twenty-four hours as he had never worked in his life before. For the Vai tribesmen had to be supervised, every load had to be undone, every load had to be done up again to look so like the original that the men who were superintending the loading into the steamer should never suspect. And it took time. He watched the horizon feverishly, for if the steamer came before he was able to fill up the well again there would be danger of his whole scheme collapsing. If the tornado broke too soon, they would not be able to work. It was bad enough forcing them to it in the wilting heat.

But toward evening it was done and instead of being relieved Fenton was so weary he could only feel his anxiety was deepened. There still remained the task of getting the dummy loads into the well again. That must be done under cover of darkness. The original loads, looking as little like the original as possible, were loaded into canoes on the banks of the little river. With the tornado he must go up stream. The surf would not be passable for days.

When he had done all that he could he went down to the town again, where he found to his dismay his landlord, a prominent inhabitant, discussing with the missionary the fact that the night before a number of Vai tribesmen had been seen in the town.

"Dey descended on de city las' night," he heard him telling the Reverend Isaiah, and he treated his future relative to a wink that was the replica of the one that had origi-

nally set him thinking, " de matter am an occasion for 'vestigation. It am concerned wid de safety ob de population. De military——"

"Ah, there you have it," said the Reverend Isaiah airily. " It's the fault of the military. Don' you go worritin' about a few Vai men droppin' in occasional at night," he advised and Fenton concluded to leave the matter in his capable hands. " Why, what with those Mendis forever on the rampage whatever other chancst have they of studyin' civilization," and he wondered if such a brazen statement would be swallowed, but a home staying Liberian will swallow anything.

" You tink dat am all? " asked his landlord half mollified.

" I'll stake my life on the peaceable intentions of the Vai men," asserted the missionary who dwelt among them, and the negro trader wandered off to spread this new view, and the listener drew a sigh of thankfulness. No plausible explanation that he could have offered could have covered eighty stalwart tribesmen marching through the town and he did rather wonder how the ex-sailor reconciled this with his views on truthfulness and neutrality.

The Reverend Isaiah on his verandah welcomed him with the information that the glass was lower than ever.

" That's bad," said Mat hopelessly. What could he do? He was so weary he felt himself drawing near to the end of his tether and he did not feel equal to battling with the elements as well. And the well was empty! Even as he spoke a smudge of smoke appeared on the black horizon and through the gap in the greenery he saw excitement on the verandah of Peter Castro and the two Germans evidently consulting together. The missionary shook his head.

" She won't come in," said he. " It's gotten too late. Look as slick as they can it can't be done before to-night, nohow," and by all rights the old whaler ought to have left the matter there, but his anxiety was too keen. He looked anxiously at his prospective son-in-law and swallowed violently. He had to swallow to keep back all the good advice he would love to have given.

" Parson," said Fenton, taking pity on him, " you may be neutral, or you may be pro-German, but I'll risk it and I'll tell you," and he dropped his voice and spoke with tense earnestness, " I'm hanged if I close an eye till I'm cocksure not one single cartridge is left in that well of Mis' Pickney's and the Germans are euchred."

" I've some use for the Vai chief to-night," went on Fenton casually, " if he isn't booked for prayer meeting."

The little lines round the Reverend Isaiah's eyes began to crinkle, for Ansumanah being a Mohammedan of sorts had never attended a prayer meeting in his life though his would-be Mentor had always a sneaking hope he might.

" Maybe that's why the Vai chief's gotten prayer meetin' postponed," said he, " so he can do any little chores for your up-country trip." He kept a solemn face, was portentously grave, and was evidently not even tempted to profanity. " My son, I'm here to help the sick and afflicted, to sorter grease the wheels, an' I shall see your gear off if it rains sufferin' snakes an' little yaller tadpoles. The tornado's pretty nigh an' if you've disturbed that there cache take an' old man's advice an' scoot, an' scoot slick. Don' you stop to butter your biscuit. I'm nootral," he told the heavens, " but that's on'y common horse sense," and he shot down the rickety verandah stairway as if he had been twenty.

And Matthew Fenton, weary and with nerves strung to snapping point, felt that he had done all that he could. Till the sun set there was nothing for him to do but watch the highly unsatisfactory weather. Even that was against him.

On Peter Castro's verandah he could see the Germans taking it in turns to look through their glasses and mop their streaming faces, and the Liberians, who at any time do as little as is compatible with carrying on at all lay about in attitudes of utter prostration. The sooner the threatened storm broke the better everybody, save Fenton, would be pleased. But if it broke before he got those dummy loads into the well and his canoes a little way up the river it was he who would be euchred, not the Germans. And it looked as if it would break.

The ship in the offing disappeared. It was manifestly too dangerous to lie off the shore with such a storm brewing, and the sun set over the sea in pomp and magnificence. Blood red were the threatening clouds and the blood red deepened to purple with ominous lines of orange outlining it—evidence that the tornado could not long be delayed. Fenton was sure of that. If all his work were to be wasted! The thought was bitter.

He saw in the thickly gathering gloom the Germans on their verandah fold up their useless glasses. He almost abandoned thought of putting back the dummy loads. The long trek inland with the munitions that he must get rid of, get rid of somehow, get rid of secretly lest they be turned upon himself, weighed upon him. He felt hopeless now. But he never wavered from his purpose. The Reverend Isaiah would see the canoes start and he could follow in a little one. The risk of their starting alone he must take, and he could easily catch up with the heavily laden canoes. Even if the missionary did tumble to it that his loads were not the innocent trading stuff they appeared, he felt he could be trusted to turn a blind eye and lend a deaf ear to any remarks the Vai men might make. The Vai chief had sworn his men to secrecy for a price, but Fenton had not much faith. Anyhow he tried to comfort himself he had made a good beginning. He had taken the first step, and it is the first step that counts.

The swift darkness of the Tropics fell over all the land and Kwesi, his servant, brought the Hinkson lamp out and set it down on the table, where it burned reluctantly in the heavy air and all the flies and moths and daddy longs came and immolated themselves upon it. But Fenton could not eat his dinner. He was beyond that.

Then a voice hailed him out of the darkness.

"Hi! Massa Fenton! Dat you dere?"

He stepped to the edge of the verandah and looked over. A negro woman with her head wrapped up in a cloth to keep off very problematical chills stood near, and a negro woman does not dare the dangers of the darkness lightly.

"Got my pyjamas, Mis' Pickney?"

"Fer de deah Lard's sake!" cried Mis' Pickney, outraged. "You tink a lady goin' to resk de danger ob a dark nigh' alonga a ole suit ob pyjamas? Huh!"

"What then?" he asked and his heart sank. He wanted Mis' Pickney safe in her shack to-night.

"'Scuse me, Massa Fenton, but dis am a business ob trepidation."

"Oh, it is, is it? Out with it then!" Had she heard them last night? Why had she not come before then?

"You am courtin'," she went on and Fenton cut her short angrily.

"What the devil do you want, woman?"

"Hoo! Hoo!" snorted Mis' Pickney aggrieved. "De Mission gal am pussonable an' de Vai chief can go courtin', too."

The insinuation was monstrous, horrible. He loathed the woman who made it.

"An' Ansumanh," went on Mis' Pickney with triumph in her tones, "don' hab no need to ask, an' don' min' if de gal say 'no.' Der is no help. Las' nigh' plenty tribesmen see dat. Dat is perspicuous."

It was true. *It was true.* He had asked the Vai chief to help him and he had in doing so showed him his own weakness. If the Vai chief were not true——

"Get out of this," he shouted over the verandah. "If you come to me with any more lying stories I'll set the Kroo boy who was washed up on the beach last week to follow you all the way home."

And that Kroo boy was a gruesome object. Mis' Pickney remembered him with a wail.

"*Aiouh!* Massa Fenton! I tink she you doxy—I think you kind genplums an'——"

"I see him coming," cried Fenton, and with a wild yell she fled.

And then Matthew Fenton added torture to his other anxieties. Was Mis' Pickney's story true, or was it just a machination of Messrs. Voss and Schuhart to keep him em-

ployed. All of Buchanan knew how it was with him and the missionary's daughter. But the Vai tribesmen were a law unto themselves, the man or woman who went amongst them did it at their own risk and it might well be that the Vai chief desired a white wife. His inclination, which became an intense desire, was to rush away to the mission station behind the town and see for himself that the thing he held dearest on earth was safe. In the harsh cry of the night jar, in the jeering, "Hoo! Hoo!" of the fool bird in the oleander under the verandah he read a warning and a menace. All that he loved, all that he cared for was at stake, and he held here because a couple of Germans were shipping arms and ammunition to the Cameroons. And yet—and yet—the story might be trumped up to ensure his being out of the way. "Hoo! Hoo!" cried the fool bird, "Hoo! Hoo!"

Hastily he wrote a note telling the whole story and gave it to Kwesi and sent him to the missionary with instructions to do exactly what he was bid and then, the time being come, he went off to his appointed meeting place with the Vai chief, went telling himself there was no cause for anxiety and yet went with desperate anxiety in his heart, with sweat on his brow but with a chain on his tongue. Surely this man was dealing fairly by him, surely no thought of treachery had ever entered his mind.

In a negro town one seldom meets many people at night, one alone hardly ever. Would Mis' Pattie Pickney have come of her own accord to give him warning? As he marched along to the outskirts of the town he doubted. Something stronger than kindliness must have moved her to come out of the safety of her shack and brave the dangers of the night. A company of people singing and dancing at night, yes, but one alone never. Never! *Never!* His footsteps kept time to the comforting refrain as he marched along a narrow boulder strewn track with the greenery encroaching with tropical luxuriance, and yet he did not believe his own comforting deductions. He had too much at stake and if he lost Becky—lost her in such a ghastly manner—while he was fooling.

A branch heavy with the night dew hit him in the face and he flashed the electric torch he carried, sending a white, darting light all over the rough stone-strewn pathway. It made a haunting light so long as he did not show its origin and as he heard the stealthy scuttling of small animals in the brush on either side it seemed to emphasize the barbarism and desolation of this remote corner of the earth. And then, before he expected it, he was brought up quickly—for his light flashed on a long line of stark savages all sitting still and rigid with their loads in front of them, waiting for him; and at their head he saw the Vai chief, the man whose honor in his heart he was questioning. He turned the light on himself for a brief second and they rose up as one man and Ansumanah, the chief, came forward with becoming gravity, for this was no light matter they had in hand. It was a thing befitting men and warriors.

"Lord!" he said in the vernacular, "we are here at your bidding."

"Come then and keep silence," said Fenton and turned towards the well on the point.

Silently they followed him through the night, so silently that he heard only the sound he himself made and he stepped lightly. Still, his boots crushed the verdure, his shoulders brushed the overhanging greenery, again and again he stirred a stone from its rocky bed; and because he knew that behind him stalked eighty brawny savages without a sound on the still night air, the noise he himself made rang clarion like in his ears.

All nature was waiting, fearing. The air was heavy with the scent of frangipanni and coffee blossom; but it was too heavy, a sense of oppression was over everything, the fool bird had hushed his note, even the owl had ceased to call to his mate, and when occasionally the strident note of the cicada was heard it cut into the waiting stillness like a knife. The storm was close upon them and it seemed to Matthew Fenton he was a fool. He would never get those loads into the well, might he not fairly leave things now and go back

to the Mission station and set his heart at rest? If what the negro woman said was true—but it was not true! It was a plot concocted to employ him while the munitions were being got away. He had warned the missionary and the missionary had all the sound common sense of an old sailor—and then the other side of the question loomed up. Might not this sound common sense be overlaid by the trustfulness enjoined by Christian charity? And he grew sick at heart, remembering that if the Vai chief were not true, two white men could not do much to oppose his will. Behind him now marched eighty untutored savages and he was trusting them lightly —no, *not* lightly. The sweat ran down his forehead and stung his eyeballs and tasted salt on his tongue.

They were marching through the sleeping town now. Here and there, in the tall high narrow windowed houses, he saw lights peeping through the greenery; and at Peter Castro's they were wide awake. But the stars were veiled, the night was pitchy dark, and the Vai men were silent as death. They had arrived at the point and yet the storm had not broken.

Could they get those packages in? Fenton's mouth was dry and his heart was beating madly. Another half hour, if the storm would hold off! Give him but another half hour!

And then, as they were all gathered round the mouth of the well, the breathless stillness was broken by the loud and raucous shouting of negro voices and the sharp crack of a pistol. So! The Germans and their Kroo boys were upon them. And so was the tornado! To Fenton they seemed to come simultaneously.

There arose a long drawn sigh across the land and then a guttural voice shouting in Kroo boy English, which is the only language the Coast understands.

"Who lib dere? Halt or I shoots," and there was a sound of rushing feet.

But Nature was crying halt. A jagged sheet of lightning shot across the sky and all the little point stood out clear as a picture thrown upon a screen in the sinister blue light. Round the mouth of the well were grouped the tall, lithe,

naked Vai men and at their feet were the long packages that stood for guns and the square heavy ones that were cartridges; and beyond, just issuing out of the greenery, stood Voss the bearded German, in a white linen suit, with a revolver in his hand; and beyond him again, a crowd of Kroo boys, clad in the cast-off rags of a hemisphere. Clearly they were to be seen. Fenton saw the look of triumph on Voss's face, the rolling eyes of the Kroo boys and the blue freedom mark tattooed upon their foreheads! They were armed with spears and paddles and long Danes, and the Vai men had only their hands.

"Lord! the tornado is upon us," breathed the Vai chief in the vernacular, as though he evidently considered that would settle matters.

"Haldt!" cried the German. "Mine frients, you puts back dem loads in de well, an' Mr. Fenton," he covered him with his pistol, "Herr Schuhart holds der vireless an' he shoots if you——"

A mighty strong wind came rushing in from the sea, a wind that swept all before it and was full of inarticulate sound, drowning all other sounds, a howling devil that shrieked aloud to heaven its merciless intention. There was destruction in that wind. It held but for a few seconds and as it died down above the crashing of the surf there rose a wail, a very negro wail on the night. Mis' Pattie's abode had come about her ears.

"You stands dere, Mr. Fenton," shouted the German, "or I shoots and de Vai chief hab dat bride."

And again the jagged blue lightning lighted up the whole scene.

The tribesmen, under the direction of the armed Kroo boys, were hastily thrusting back the long and the short packages into the well and Fenton cared little for the German's threat against himself. He doubted if under the circumstances he could have hit a haystack, but where was the Vai chief? Tall, dark, naked men are much alike, but he would have known the chief and he could not see him. The hush that followed the wind was upon them and he could hear

the groans and grunts of the Vai men as they lifted the loads. He turned swiftly to the man nearest as the darkness wiped out the picture.

"Where is Ansumanah, the chief?" he asked desperately in the vernacular and he knew that the German's pistol was looking for him.

"He is needed here no longer. He has gone about his business," came the disquieting answer, and the crashing thunder rolling and reverberating and dying away over the sea cut short his words. Ansumanah, the chief, had gone about his business! What was his business? What in heaven's name was his business?

"Mr. Fenton, I shoots if you interferes, if you comes into der open," cried the German, and if Fenton had not been so done he would have realized how well his scheme had succeeded. But he was beyond all deductions now.

"Aih! Aih! You black nigger! Heave, now, heave!" came the abjurations of the Kroo boys urging on the tribesmen, and shriek after shriek came from the cabin, such healthy, whole-hearted shrieks Fenton felt they might well be disregarded.

"Ah! I expire!" wailed Mis' Pickney. "De Lard commiserate me!"

And then, upon the whole crowd, Englishman and German Kroo boys and Vai tribesmen, burst the full force of the storm. Ten thousand demons shrieked in the mighty wind, the pieces of the wrecked shack were tossed in the air and swept across the little peninsula as if they had been so much kindling, and Fenton heard the brushwood bending and snapping of great cocoanut palms uprooted and bent and broken by the storm. He could not stand before it. Mis' Pickney was rolled to his feet like a bundle of torn clothing, and he himself went down before the blast. He lay there on his face and he knew not what was happening to the struggling black men or the opposing German, and he felt that no matter what happened it was a physical impossibility to get to the Mission station till the storm had died

down. All sounds were swallowed up in the clamor of the tornado, in the crash of the surf driven against the shore, and the spray flung high in the air was cold on his face. Another jagged flash of lightning and he caught a glimpse of a couple of Vai tribesmen dropping a long package into the well, urged thereto by half a dozen Kroo boys; and he wondered how they managed it, for as he struggled to his feet the wind beat him down again and he felt a Vai man's hand on his shoulder and his voice in his ear.

"If my Lord goes in the next lull," he gathered he was saying, "it will be well. The young men are finishing the task and they will flee before the Kroo boys to their village. It is borne in on me the Kroo boys will not follow."

No, Fenton did not think they would follow. All the Germans wanted was to make sure their munitions were ready for the steamer. They would not wish to set the Vai men against him. They would be only too pleased he should get away. But Ansumanah, the chief, was gone. There lay the bitterness. What had he gone for? Fenton struggled to his feet. He must get up, he must get on. He ought to make straight for the canoes to make sure of their safety, but he felt he must go to the Mission station first. He was desperate. He must go even if his going wrecked the British Empire.

The wind beat him down again and again. He struggled to his feet. And again it beat him down. He was powerless before it. And every time the lightning came, it showed him fewer packages round the mouth of the well. It was rapidly filling up. He could see the trees bending low before the tornado. He could see the clouds scurrying wildly across the sky. He could see the sea lashed into one mass of seething foam—and gladdest sight of all he saw the German curled up like a heap of discarded clothing just in the middle of the pathway through the creeping bean close against Mis' Pickney's patch of cassada. He rejoiced grimly.

Then the storm began to subside. The wild fierce gusts died down, sobbing like a tired child, and he rolled over till he found in the next flash of lightning he had put a screen

of greenery between himself and the Kroo boys. Another flashed showed him the Vai tribesmen, strangely diminished. in numbers, still wrestling with a diminished number of loads.

"It is finished. It is well done," said the man beside him, the chief's foster-brother. "The Lord will give the reward promised."

"He will give it," said Fenton gravely, and he felt at the moment that it was finished. Life held nothing else for him. But he must pay the price, for these men had surely done their part and it was of his own free will he had put himself in the Vai chief's hands.

The storm was passing. Through a break in the sweeping clouds the full moon showed for a moment and her face was like newly washed silver. Then the clouds closed again and Fenton ran, with heavy feet clogged with weight, but ran for his life along the rugged path that led to the Mission station. The Germans and the Kroo boys would guard the well, the Vai men would creep back to their village one by one.

At last he was free; free to find out what had become of the Vai chief, to ease his soul of this incubus that was crushing him. He gained no comfort from the thought that the tornado had helped him, that the Germans themselves had relieved him of the trouble of putting back the dummy loads. All he felt was that he had madly thrown away all that made life worth living and still those munitions were on his hands, a deadly dangerous cargo to start up country with. His head was throbbing, weights were on his feet, and in his ears rang the cry of a terrified owl. It seemed to foretell evil, evil that he dared not let his mind dwell upon. And then the wind dropped dead, the heavens opened, and it rained. How it rained! It was like a curtain of water closing him in on every side, and the roar of it in his ears deadened every other sound. He knew he had his feet on the path that led to the Mission station and he stumbled up the road, rocky, unkempt, as are all roads in Liberia, but whether it was empty or whether a company was moving

upon it he could not have told, for the falling water fenced him in on every side. The thunder and weight of it even beat down the surf. He was wet in a few seconds and only a man desperately in earnest would have made his way on. He flashed his torch and he saw but the falling water, and then like the wind, the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, the moon came out and the Mission station loomed up against a sky that was settling into calm and quiet again. He could see the garden, a cocoanut palm and a frangipanni broken by the storm and a great bouganvillea torn down and lying across the path that was running water—and—and —was it possible—was it possible—would he waken and find it was a dream, was that a woman's figure all in white leaning over the verandah, looking out along the rough pathway?

"Becky! Becky!" And his own voice sounded thin and far away. He did not seem to have it under control at all.

"Mat!" A glad voice came ringing down to him, and he stumbled up the verandah steps with the feeling strong upon him that since the Vai chief was true man he should turn at once and go for the boats.

The Reverend Isaiah was storming.

"So you was handed in a blank," he raged. "I'm nootral, I am, by order of the Board an' the President of the United States, but if I started in with a contrac' I would finish it."

"Easy on, parson," said Fenton, with grim mirth at his heart.

"What about the Vai chief? Did you——"

"An' you let a blustering squarehead get the clinch on you," stormed on the missionary. "The Vai chief! Huh!

"And my canoes?" asked Fenton wearily.

"Saw your canoes start? I rather reckon I did see your canoes start. In some hurry they went. Broke their moorin's an' waltzed straight on to the quicksands," he swallowed violently. "The tornado did that for us. You oughter started earlier. I warned you. That gear 'll be there till Kingdom Come."

"Sure?" asked Fenton. "I never thought of the quick-

sands. Are you sure?" and the moon was dancing strangely and the flooring of the verandah seemed to be rising up to meet his face.

"Sure? This ain't my day for answerin' fool questions. The gear's sucked up in the sands an' there's two new canoes to be paid for."

"That gear was the munitions."

The missionary stepped forward. The truth was dawning upon him.

Fenton felt the moonlight fading as he stretched out a hand that Becky caught in both her own. His relief was intense, so intense he felt all movement and speech difficult.

"The squareheads 'll be loading dummy guns and packages of stones I hope when the surf——"

"Euchred, as I'm a sinning creature! Sufferin' snakes an' green an' yaller tadpoles! Euchred," cried the neutral missionary—and the moonlight went out and the floor rose right up and struck Matthew Fenton in the face as he fell forward at Becky's feet.

A BIG BUSINESS BROTHER OF THE CRIMINAL—ROBERT J. CALDWELL

CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON PRISONS' EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE.

J. E. SANFORD

WHEN a business man mixes into affairs largely in the hands of 'ologists, idealists and politicians he does one of two things; brings the subject into the realm of the practical or gets ruled out of order. Once in a while a man comes along whose hard-headed business methods have preserved his idealisms rather than destroyed them.

Many a well-intentioned man has received some hard knocks on the rock of criminal reform. But comes a man who is heart and soul interested in the unfortunate man, yet whose business training and commercial acumen view the problem from the economic aspect—from the standpoint of results. That seems to be the modern trend. The practical is taking the place of idealistic philanthropy. We are going back to the root of the thing, was the attitude of Robert J. Caldwell, Chairman of the Employment Committee of the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor, as he sat in his office in the Park Row building, New York City, overlooking the Hudson River.

"We are grappling the problem from an economic point of view; it is good business to prevent criminals; it is good business to teach vocations to criminals; and it is doubly good business to get them employement and keep them employed."

Mr. Caldwell at the age of, say, forty, was not satisfied with himself merely as a factor in the upbuilding of a $13,000,000 a year business. He had been brought close to the American working man and understood him. He knew his book of human nature; and one summer when he was camping at a club, of which he was a member, in the Adirondacks, he happened to be a witness of a scene that started his mind to

work on the problem of employing the criminal. He saw an apparently good workman run out of a community, because he had a criminal past. The man was, to all accounts, capable and worth his hire, but he was "discovered." Had he been a leper, he could not have been more summarily handled.

That he later found employment in one of the many concerns in which Mr. Caldwell is interested, is typical of the promptness with which Mr. Caldwell acts. This was several years ago. Since, Mr. Caldwell has devoted a large share of his time to helping the unfortunate man. "There is nothing sentimental in my work," continued Mr. Caldwell. "I believe that we must handle this question in a practical manner. It is good business to make men and useful citizens out of the thousands who come from our prisons every year. If we can do it, we add just so much to the productive power of the community. If we do not, so many thousand persons slip back into the pool that is contaminating society with its fumes. The discouraged man not only gains a hatred of society which causes him to wreak revenge upon it, but he soon reverts to prison and becomes again a charge upon the tax-payer.

"People have shed many tears at sentimental lectures on prison evils and criminal welfare needs, and then have gone away without one practical idea how to remedy the situation. Their feelings were roused for a short time; but they had no plan.

"The practical thing is to help these men back into the living stream of workers and self-respecting men. And it cannot be done merely by growing sentimental.

"The problem of bettering conditions divides broadly into three parts," said Mr. Caldwell, checking his points off carefully. "They are the period before a man is a criminal, the period while he is a criminal confined by the State, and the period after he comes out to mingle with the rest of mankind again. So we have first the making of a criminal or not making one. When we get him behind the bars, we have the problem of criminalizing him still further or of educating him morally, mentally and vocationally. After he is out we

have the problem of whether to compel his reversion to crime by closing every door of opportunity after he has paid his debt to society, or opening the door and giving the weak brother a helping hand to re-establish himself.

"*If there were no wrong influences at work making criminals, there would be no prisoners.* If those influences could be combated successfully, the problem would be solved at the source, because there would be no people degenerating in our penal institutions, losing their standing and stamina and learning to hate society, and annually running up the tax bill. If they were allowed to continue to regard themselves as men, and to learn and to engage in productive occupations within prison walls, less of them would come out unfit to be self-supporting members of society. More would be able to enter into useful employment instead of reverting to crime. After the prisoner has been released and is out in the world again, the real problem begins. If given the right training in prison and a chance when out of prison he will be a profitable member of society. He will be able to do his part in industry and produce enough to make up for what he consumes. If he is not able to do this, he will become a dead economic loss and worse—a menace. *It is good business to help him—it is bad business to let him drift.*

"The criminal problem is one that cannot be handled academically. Criminals cannot be treated as a class to be handled in a general manner. They must be treated as individuals; like sick men. One man may have measles and another smallpox; one may require an operation and the next a dose of Christian Science. Criminals must be similarly handled. The source of the disease must be studied—the thing that caused the man to become a criminal; and the new environment must be a stimulating one.

"It is an undoubted fact that the greater proportion of crime can be traced back to unsatisfactory home conditions. The great fault lies in improper parental training or no training at all. Sometimes, the parent can do no better. The mother may have to work ten hours a day. The children are in school only five hours and afterward they look

around for something to fill up their time. They go out on the street with other children, also idle, and the contamination is disastrous. Playing in the streets, they know they are in the way, and the appetite for excitement leads them to pranks with the police and store-keepers. Or they may be led by older children, schooled by a preceding generation, to commit petty thefts. If the store-keeper and the police do not use proper judgment, the child is brought into court as a delinquent, and his prison career is foreshadowed. Two or three trips to court brand him an incorrigible. There is first the commitment to the detention home, where he will associate with older and worse children. After he leaves, he has a brand upon him. It is police station, jail, prison and a life career marred by a criminal record.

"The city has a serious evil in the overcrowded tenement, which prevents privacy and tends to break down moral principles.

"The greatest preventive of crime-breeding among the young is the watchful care of their elders. It is good business to encourage such care. Welfare-workers are aiming to find out the home conditions under which children live and are trying to encourage parents to remedy them. The New York police department has installed a new system, which is working out in a way that promises to greatly reduce the future generation of criminals. Twenty patrolmen who have shown an understanding of children have been detailed to spend their time getting thoroughly acquainted with the boys and girls on the street in the congested districts. The children do not regard them as policemen but as friends and protectors. These men succeed in heading off a great deal of mischief that might lead to crime. They never take a child to the police station. If there is a serious offense the child is led to his parents and the policeman observes the home conditions, and possibly suggests a remedy. If a child is out of school, it is the parent who is warned. Nothing is allowed to interfere with the friendly relations of the policeman with the children.

"Three years ago Captain Sweeney of the Delancey

Street station, in the closely populated district at the end of the Williamsburg bridge, New York, commenced organizing the boys of the precinct into 'junior police.' These junior police are given police uniforms, to be worn only on state occasions. The boys are not given any police authority. They are pledged to live straight, clean lives and to try to induce their families and associates to uphold the laws. Twice a week they meet in a public school building, one afternoon for gymnasium and drill exercises and one for a lecture. There used to be twenty complaints a day of juvenile delinquency in Captain Sweeney's precinct. In the last two years, he reports, there have been not more than two. The merchants who used to drive the boys off the streets, now consider it good business to contribute to the support of the junior police.

"It is a good thing economically to head off crime at its source. The state has been giving prizes for the best cattle, hogs, sheep, etc., but there have been no prizes for the mothers who bring up good families and fit their children for useful life.

"While the boy or girl who has had proper surroundings is more apt to go straight on reaching maturity, many commit their first crime after the age of twenty-one. It is a particularly dangerous time for young men when they first come into positions of trust, and when they begin to seek society. The petty sum 'borrowed' from the cash-drawer to take a young woman to a theatre has paved the way of many a young man to a prison career. Here also it is often good business to help him out of his scrape and encourage him to modify his manner of living and go right. A suspended sentence is sound economic doctrine.

"Up to within a few years, our prisons have been such that the man who once entered their doors was liable to spend the rest of his life as an outcast. Overcrowded cells, filled indiscriminately with the sick and the well, the brutal and the weakling; sanitary conditions which fouled the air and made cleanliness impossible; nauseous eating arrangements—these were only the beginning of a system which

broke down refined, clean men and brought them out depraved and hopeless. Conditions were made worse by the gross cruelty of keepers.

"The prison uniform is humiliating and many states have done away with convict stripes. The packing of prisoners together in one cell with poor ventilation debilitates the constitution. But there are worse features—moral features. Many states have laws prohibiting more than one prisoner to a cell, but few prison wardens are able to obey the rule. It would be good business for the public, if it must send part of its population to prison, to pay for proper housing to preserve the manhood of the prisoner for the time when he must return to society. It is better business to equip him to earn a livelihood and still better to see that he gets a chance to practise his trade out of prison.

"It is a rare prison where some of the attendants do not resort to brutality in handling prisoners, no matter how strict the rules. Cruel punishments are permitted in many states. There are twenty states where prisoners may be flogged with a leather paddle. The gag and the iron mask survive in Virginia. Chain gangs may be used on the roads in Colorado and South Carolina. Shackles and chains are permitted in a score of states. The dungeon is still a common institution. Usually the extreme punishments are hedged by legal restrictions, but the advantage is on the side of the keeper who wishes to vent his anger on the convict and the prisoner has no redress. In Jefferson City, Mo., recently a man was strung up by his wrists in steel handcuffs for hours for failing to do his allotted schedule of work in a day. The fact was that the raw material was not delivered to him until 2 p. m. No excuses are listened to or even permitted.

"It is not only the hardships and punishments but the humdrum existence and the hard, monotonous, often useless labor, without any hope of reasonable reward or of fitting themselves to earn a livelihood outside, that hardens the natures of prisoners and sends them out unfit to battle with life. New York state humiliates its prisoners and stultifies itself with a compensation of 1½ cents per day.

"The surveillance incites men to devise ways of escaping detection. It renders them furtive and deceptive. The unprofitable labor turns them into creaking machines.

"Imagine a man working a jute-bag loom nine hours a day with the knowledge that he cannot earn more than 18 cents a week, and that kept for him in the warden's office against the time of his coming out. There are states which do not pay prison labor even 18 cents a week. Still others do not pay their men at all. These are rather the more merciful. The convict may know that his wife and children are starving. Many convicts cling to love of family, though they are behind the bars justly. Kansas pays its prisoners a maximum of 3¾ cents a day. In reformatories, the prisoners get 2 cents and 3 cents. North Carolina allows $1.00 for every ten days earned by good conduct and it takes two months to earn the dollar—about 1½ cents a day. Only a few states have provided to allow convicts to earn any adequate sums for themselves or the support of their dependents outside. Ontario, Canada, allows 75 cents to $1.00 a day for prison labor. The money goes to the support of the prisoners' families to prevent their dependence upon the public.

"There have been a number of prisons in recent years where conscientious wardens have proved that a penal institution could be placed on a paying basis. It would be good business to give convicts the self respect that comes from doing something for their families and to save the families from going to pieces through destitution.

"When the man comes out of prison it would be better for the community financially and in other practical ways if he had a trade at which he could get work to support himself. As it is, the prison laws compiled up to July, 1913, show that only three states provided for trade schools in their prisons and four others in their reformatories. The trades at which convicts are allowed to work in most prisons are not the ones that will prove profitable outside. Making brooms and brushes, for instance, is an occupation that blind men engage in. Several states employ convicts on the highways,

an occupation which hardens the muscles but does not add to the prisoner's capabilities for earning a living after his release.

"Free labor will not willingly tolerate competition from men behind bars. So the state laws bristle with hedges against the learning or practise of trades by convicts. Michigan, for instance, has a constitutional provision that 'no mechanical trades shall hereafter be taught the convicts in the state prisons in this state except the manufacture of those articles of which the chief supply for home consumption is imported from other states and countries.' New York places a $500 license fence around the sale of goods manufactured in prison.

"There is a measure of reason in this restriction. It prevents an injustice in the shape of unfair competition with free labor. Prisoners should be kept at work on articles for state use—work of such nature that the training gained would be an equipment for them after their release.

"Our prisoner comes out into the world after a detention of a few months or twenty years, with his health injured from foul air and promiscuous crowding in cells. He has a different attitude toward the world. He probably hates society for the wrongs he has suffered and thinks he has suffered unjustly. Tuberculosis contracted in prison looms up as a hideous punishment for a theft committed in behalf of a hungry wife. He comes out of prison with his nerve broken. He is also probably somewhat broken down in body and very much broken down in self-confidence. He realizes the prejudice against an ex-convict. He is afraid once his 'front' is removed he will be gone. He becomes painfully conscious of the earmarks that brand him as an ex-convict.

"Then comes that fatal question: 'Where were you last employed?' The man may parrot a glib answer that he has been preparing for hours, or he may stammer and blush. In either event he finds himself on the brink of exposure. He is liable to make some break that will ruin his chances. Or the question may be, 'What can you do?' If the man is master of a trade, he can answer confidently. If he has

no special training, he will be placed at a disadvantage. Wouldn't you?

" When a man has tried to find work and failed and the $5.00 or $10.00 given him by the prison has vanished, he becomes a poor citizen and a decidedly bad economic factor. A man discharged from prison in February came into our office a few days ago wearing the same straw hat he wore into prison last summer. It is a strange thing, but drink is more easily obtained than food and he is likely to seek the aid of stimulants in bearing up. Then comes the temptation to commit one of his old crimes. When he is captured, his previous record looms up against him.

" I've known men to get jobs after they left prison and after making good for weeks, betray themselves by some stray word. Then they were shunned by their fellow workmen. Pretty soon—usually at once—they were either discharged or had to quit. Next they would go to the bums' lodging house and then they would commit crime and fall into the hands of the police.

" *The public is too apt to go on the theory of the survival of the fittest. It doesn't count the cost of such a philosophy to itself. It maintains a punitive penal system at tremendous expense to manufacture liabilities to society that will cause it still greater expense. It is all the most insufferable folly.*

" If there is somebody to meet the man when he comes out of prison and treat him like a human being, he is less likely to seek companions among criminals. He will not fall down in the period when he is getting his bearings. If he knows where he can get a job, where his past will not be held against him, nine men out of ten will try to make a decent living instead of stealing.

"Whenever our committee sends a man to a job, one officer of the employing firm knows of his record. He starts true to himself.

" There are thousands of jobs in the country where ex-convicts will fit in as well as any men. The trouble is, the ex-convict may not know how to get to them. The employment bureau for ex-prisoners in New York City has succeeded in

finding places for more than 1,500 ex-convicts in New York alone in the last fifteen months. About 80 per cent. are making good. There are large employers all over the United States, like Henry Ford, who are willing to give an ex-prisoner a chance to go to work and rehabilitate himself.

"Some of these employers two years ago would have nothing to do with ex-prisoners, but they were quick to see the advantage of converting these liabilities of society into assets, when we laid the case before them. The presentation of the case was a service the men could not do for themselves.

"Sometimes it takes a great deal of bracing up and encouragement after the man has got started. It is pathetic to see how they go to pieces at times. Lonesomeness is one of the common causes. The men feel constrained by their past and do not make friends. Then comes the longing for somebody to be interested in them. They will seek companionship in a saloon or a dive. If somebody gets hold of them quickly enough, the case can be saved.

"We've been trying to keep in touch with the men who have applied to us for help in getting started. We always tell them to send for us no matter what trouble they may be in. When they are drunk, they revert to the old ways and are harder to deal with than when sober. But it pays in more ways than one to set them up.

"*If kindness and fair dealings will cut down the number of prison repeaters, it is kindness and time well spent.*

"Yet the cost of criminals in New York State alone to the taxpayers is $31,000,000 a year, besides the human wrecks. Are we our brother's keeper? I think so, and at this rate we are giving a very poor account of our stewardship.

"We are demanding efficiency in business—we must effect it in handling our criminal question—before, during, and after incarceration.

"Does it pay? That is the question.

"Results are the only thing worth while. Here is the answer.

"First—About 80 per cent. of the men and women we place make good. There were 468,000 people came out of our penal institutions in 1915. If any reasonable per cent. of that army could be turned to productive pursuits there would be some considerable saving to the State, for they cost the forty-eight states in 1915 somewhere about $300,000,000. *They propagate their kind and the bill is growing with rapid strides.* Let us save a few less hogs and chestnut trees and more men and women.

"Second—Judge Wadhams of the Court of General Sessions, in my county, states that in the past two years among the several thousand prisoners who have come before him for sentence, the record shows that not more than half a dozen have come out of Sing Sing since Mr. Osborne's self-government and square deal for the men has been in operation there. They come to us, get work and go straight. That is the reason. Formerly they reverted to crime, not from inclination (not over 10 to 20 per cent. of convicts are instinctively criminal) but because every door was closed to them and they could not do otherwise. Ask yourself what you would do. Requiring one accused of witchcraft to walk with bare feet on hot ploughshares, in order to determine her guilt, was no more cruel. We will all realize this a very few years hence, but we have allowed brutal keepers to handle this delicate interest for us instead of thinking for ourselves. And we are paying for it. The National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor as fast as funds are available, plans to promote this crusade in every state. We have seen what New Jersey has done. Others will surely not want to do less.

"What we have to learn is that our crude, obsolete and cruel punitive penal system we penalize ourselves far more than we do the prisoner. Society is the worse sufferer and in addition pays the bills—surely not very practical prison practice."

CITY-GLAMOR

Louis Ginsberg

ALONG the purpling city-street,
Where slowly tugging at the mist,
The wet and gravid winds go by,
There in the heavy amethyst,
Caught in the blurry mesh of fog,
Entangled in the haze of snow,
Like yellow, straining Fire-flies,
The arc-lights glow! . . . .

Before a flaring theatre,
Splutters a flaunting orange light,
That scatters spray of gold about,—
A rain of dreams upon the night!
And deep into the misty gloom,
And deep into the foggy air,
This dripping light—this faery gold—
Is trickling everywhere! . . . .

And through the whirls of magic mist,
The clanging trolleys, lurching slow,
Are dragging splashy, trailing pools
Of molten gold across the snow. . . . .
Then vaguely through the purple haze,
The wraith-like autos, flitting nigh,
Shatter the mists with shafts of light
And swift swish by! . . . .

And Oh, the swirling tides of faces,
Foaming about the corners, surge
And wildly seethe with swift desire,
Wildly with swift, impetuous urge—
Wildly they eddy in the mist,
White, Oh, as foam in foam-white haze—
Tide upon spindrift tide of faces,
Passionate through the maze! . . . .

KITCHENER THE BOY

EUGENIE M. FRYER

A WILD bit of the Irish coast it was, rugged, heather-strewn cliffs broken by a stretch of shingle at the head of Taplee Bay in Kerry, where Kitchener the Boy went most often to swim; and on this particular June afternoon he had sought its solitude "to think things out" —his laconic answer always if questioned as to why he had gone off alone. Some of the June sunshine seemed to creep into the Boy's steel-blue eyes as he paused, tall, lithe, clean-limbed at the top of the beach, and looked off across the still green waters of the bay toward the haze-rimmed horizon. Overhead clouds floated slowly southward. Out of the gorse and heather on the cliff a lark rose swiftly, filling the pungent air with its song. The gentle lapping of the tide roused the Boy, and quickly stripping, he dipped eagerly into the gray-green water. Though only twelve, the Boy was a splendid swimmer, his long even strokes portraying endurance, latent power, a reserve force equal to emergencies; and as he swam along, he seemed to revel in his strength. His keen eyes followed the dark line of the cliff edged in purple and gold, noting near the shore lines of seaweed swaying idly on the tide, betokening some recent storm somewhere out there upon the mist-shrouded Atlantic that ever held in thrall his imagination; but save for these strings of gold-brown weed and kelp, there was no suggestion of a storm in the lightly wind-swept waters of the bay. On and on the Boy swam steadily toward the distant headland guarding one entrance of Taplee Bay, turning at length upon his back to float and rest himself. The afternoon lay before him. Why should he hurry? It was a day for dreams, and as the Boy lay there on his back, his face turned to the June sky, he gave reign to his fancy, letting it drift as the tide, shoreward, only to flood out again beyond the headlands into the open sea. This afternoon his mind swept out into the as yet unexplored open sea; for that very morning an important decision had been reached in his

future career. A few weeks hence he would slip away from this old familiar life of the bay, and the spirit of adventure in him was quickened though mingled with it lay the subconscious knowledge that when he went to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, the old life would be gone forever. What would life out there be like, he wondered dreamily? A struggle against odds in which one must win? His eyes flashed at the thought; for struggle for mastery, that boundless energy that pushed on to accomplishment, was characteristic of the Boy even at eight; a Saxon energy that found its complement in the Boy's nature in the French thoroughness and austere devotion to the minutest detail, his inheritance from his mother, who had given to this son of hers her French imagination and her love of dreams. Yet despite the adventure in this new life opening before him, he would miss the old life at Cottagh House keenly; for he loved the wild, desolate Irish coast as he loved the simple Irish peasants with their ready wit and their kindly smile. He, by birth, if not by inheritance, was imbued with the spirit of the Celt. He was part and parcel of the soil, and he loved it with all the intensity of his strong passionate nature, that because of his shyness and his reticence he could not express; passing thus as cold and unresponsive when his heart was all on fire.

The Boy's imagination had been early kindled by his old nurse, " Nanna," he called her, and she had instilled in him a belief in kelpies, in fairies and the like, as she spun for him the folk-lore of Kerry embroidered and enriched out of her own Celtic imagination. So the magic of Ireland wove its spell about the lad, sensitizing him, a priceless gift that in after years was to aid him in sensing danger, in interpreting invisible signs and symbols, that sensitiveness to atmosphere so inborn in the Celt, due, perhaps, to the Celt's swift, responsive sympathy. This world of dreams opened to him by his nurse, the Boy augmented and enlarged by reading tales of Celtic Gods and heroes, steeping his imagination thus in the green and gold of romance springing from every cranny of the rugged cliffs even as the shamrock and the gorse. This woman, his beloved Nanna, the Boy loved with all the

deep devotion of his strong, passionate nature, a love that would live always, a devotion that even in the crowded years of manhood would never fail to seek Nanna out, bringing joy to her old, faithful heart.

The active expression of his love of adventure was in the great cave beneath the cliff whither he even now was heading, a cave hollowed out by the sea, whose dripping walls echoed over the swish and rumble of century-old tides; and in whose depths, so tradition had it, lay somewhere hidden a famous smuggler's treasure. He and his brothers, Chevalier, Arthur and Walter, came there seeking tirelessly a treasure which they never found, but for which they never wearied of hunting. They played at being smugglers then, or, better still, at pirates robbing the crew of a wrecked galleon of the famed Armada; and in these games the boy Herbert Kitchener was the leader. It was he who planned and outlined the assault upon the unsuspecting and invisible foe, as it was he who by the sheer force of his personality, led the attack. Yet today, as he lay upon his back in that still water, it was solitude that he wanted, to think out this new life of the open sea that was calling to him. He was brought back sharply to reality by a gentle tugging at his left leg that grew quickly into an insistent drawing downward. For a moment the Boy's face whitened as he swiftly recognized his danger. He was caught by a piece of kelp that in all probability would suck him under never to let him go. He jerked his leg trying to free himself only to find that the weed gripped the tighter. It was after this that the real struggle began. It would not have occurred to him to call for help had any been near. His was a solitary, self-reliant mind, accustomed to get himself out of difficulties unaided, to solve his own problems without asking help or advice. So now he lay quietly upon his back, his square-set jaws drawn down grimly, the whole force of his will gleaming in his keen blue eyes, his body taut and still as the Boy bided his time for the moment when he could free himself. That silent struggle seemed a struggle of forces, the elemental striving to overcome the intellectual, a solitary struggle typical of the

Boy's whole life; for the Boy was to win success through struggle, a success attained through a relentless energy in mastering whatever he had in hand to do, this relentless energy in him tempered by an inexhaustible patience, a power to wait the psychological moment, a quality inherited from his French mother whom he worshiped. Would he never slip beyond the confines of the bay after all? The desire to live welled up in him. Yet the Boy lay motionless upon the water, the sinuous kelp about his leg. Presently his keen ears caught the soft murmur of the coming tide, and with it came a gradual loosening of the weed. He lay still, not daring to move lest it would tighten the grip of the gold-brown strand of kelp. After a space, he moved his arms through the water to find that he slipped forward slowly without feeling the grip upon his leg. *His will power had saved him.* His passive resistance had freed him from the kelp at last. Swiftly he turned over and began to make his way toward the shore, flinging himself upon the shingle at the mouth of the smuggler's cave. Though he would not have acknowledged it, a momentary reaction had set in. It was the first time he had been so close to death, and the memory of an old woman, the gardener's mother, and a rose-clad cottage came to him. It was in the days of his early childhood, at Gunsborough House, before they had moved to their present home, that he had gone to see this old woman, and she had read his fortune in the tea leaves. *"Sure, you will travel far, gasiur, and see many lands, but it is the sea will call you at the end of the road."* The words had meant nothing to him then; but now—was this, then, a premonition, a first "call of the sea?" he wondered. He shuddered as he looked off across the silvered waters of the bay.

The Boy's thoughts slipped back to Gunsborough House of homely beauty, its square, white front trailed with ivy, its close-cropped lawn splashed with the flowers he loved. It was in those days that the Boy had been given over wholly to this world of dreams and fancies, dreams occupying time that should have been spent on books at school; this dream world rent and rudely broken into when he failed in his ex-

aminations—his first and only failure. His soldier father, a man of keen humor and rare wisdom, dealt swiftly with the Boy, realizing that the Boy's whole future hung in the balance. He called his son to him.

"Herbert," he said, "a man must dream, must possess the power of vision to be great; but he must not let dreaming run away with him. As punishment, I shall send you to the neighboring dame school until you learn the value of mastering that which is at hand. Remember always, that the practical has its place as well as dreams. 'Thoroughness' is our motto, you know, lad."

The Boy flushed now, remembering how mortified and humilitated he had turned away, his mind already set in a sterner, more determined mood. As he had left the room his father had called after him with his gay laugh:

"Another failure, and I shall apprentice you to a hatter."

The Boy's humor had for a moment overtopped his humiliation, and he had flashed back:

"I think it will be Woolwich, sir."

It was a turning point in the Boy's career. Thoroughness became his watchword. The relentless energy in mastering whatever task he had in hand became as marked a characteristic in him as his love of dreams, the one to be the complement of the other all his days.

The second great event of his life had come when the family had moved from Gunsborough House to Cottage House, an old place steeped in romance, satisfying the Boy's craving for the beautiful, also. The old garden crammed with flowers, and pervaded with a strange, brooding peace was to be the deep setting of his life, the spot to which his thoughts would ever slip back, the epitome, really, of the only home life he would ever know, that life in the garden marking not only his love of the beautiful, but representing likewise an intimate expression of his personality that in later years none but the few would see or recognize; for the personality of the man, though sharp-cut and distinctive in its power to leave its impress upon the country has was to serve so selflessly and so well, was to be merged as a quickening

spirit into the vastness of the Empire he had visioned and was to help to build. A wilderness that garden now, for,

> "Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruins all,
> And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall."

Yet beneath the tangled desolation flowers would ever spring up and blossom.

With the coming of the tide a faint breeze had sprung up, ruffling the waters of the bay, and the Boy scanned the horizon looking for the fisher boats that at sunset would be putting out to sea. He stretched himself lazily, and leaned back against the entrance to the cave, his thoughts flooding out again toward the future that was opening for him. In a few days he would be thirteen, and then, after the summer vacation, he was to go to Grand Clos School at Villeneuve, and from there to London where he would prepare for Woolwich. Then it was that his life of service would begin, that life of service his French mother had instilled in him from babyhood as being the be-all and the end-all of every man—the true bulwark of the Empire. The smouldering fire in the Boy's eyes flamed at the thought. A life of stern discipline it would be, this life of service, a life in which every personal desire must be subservient to the accomplishment of the task in hand, a life demanding all of his relentless energy, his boundless ambition alone satisfied when complete success should crown his efforts. Doubtless, as the old woman had said, he would travel far and see many lands. The great avenues of the world were opening to him, avenues leading into the Far-East, to Arabia, India, southernmost Africa and Egypt, the land that even now lured him—places where he would come not only face to face with grave dangers, but with dangers that he might sense but never see. It would be then that his sensitiveness to atmosphere would stand him in good stead, and his rare understanding of another's viewpoint would become an element of greatness in him; for no matter how foreign or antagonistic was a man's point of view, he could grasp it, appreciate it, and with that fine strain of democracy in him, concede the right of an opinion other than his own. These seeds of leadership and

greatness were stirring now unconsciously in the Boy's soul. Hard and stern, people would call him. Yet he was possessed of that true kindliness belonging to a strong, deep nature. His shyness and his reticence would ever conceal the depths of the emotions stirring him. His was a solitary figure, even now a certain aloofness setting him apart inevitably. His nature was of that simple directness so marked a characteristic in his soldier father, as was his hatred of display also. The Boy worshiped his father, who represented to him always the true ideal of what a soldier should be; and the Boy had taken to heart the lesson of the Dame school. He would keep his world of dreams. It would ever be for him the inner shrine enfolding his power of vision—without which no man can be truly great; and just because of it, *Thoroughness* would be the under-current of his life, the mechanism in the fulfilment of his dreams, the realization of his far-reaching vision of Imperial greatness for England, that mistress to whose service his whole life was pledged. The Boy's face glowed at the thought. Yes, the life out there beyond the headlands guarding the entrance of the bay, was calling to him, and soon he would be answering that call.

The sun was at its setting, the summer clouds shot with golden glow, the water flushed to iridescence, and out from the bay one by one fishermen in their yellow oilers steered their black boats out to the open sea while the purple twilight gathered softly in the west. The Boy rose slowly, stretched himself, and with a sigh, turned to the entrance of the cave, staring into its black depths where all the romance, the dreams, the love of adventure of his past life seemed gathered—the cave with its hidden treasure of Spanish gold which he had sought and, as yet, never found. His would be a life of seeking, of adventure, of struggle, but the bay would know him no more. His life would be that of the open sea that knows no east, no west, no north, no south. For a moment he stood thus, leaning against the dripping walls. Then, without a word, he turned swiftly back to the beach that was half-covered now by the incoming tide. Even the cave had echoed of the sea. In a few weeks the new life

would begin. He, too, would be putting out even as the fishermen; only for him there would be no returning to the bay. A breeze had sprung up, and already white-caps dotted the green water. Of a sudden the thrill of battle gripped the Boy. It would be a hard pull home, but he would conquer, glorying in the struggle. With eyes gleaming he plunged into the foam-flecked water, and with long, even strokes set his face toward the east.

WATCH THE FORUM

READ

TWO YEARS OF PRISON REFORM

IN THE MAY NUMBER

THE ORIENT IN A NEW LIGHT

AMEEN RIHANI

MAN has always gone to battle for what he believes to be an ideal, whether tribal or national, political or religious. Even his wars of conquest have in them the inception of a spiritual aspiration; for there is, as in religion itself, a mysticism in war that baffles understanding. The consciousness of the tribe, who vowed vengenance before its totem or invoked his assistance against its "barbarous" neighbor, is not far removed from that of the European nations of to-day who are praying for the victory of their children in arms. The God of Battles is still the God of the Christians; a great sacrifice is still looked upon as a purification, a regeneration. And herein is revealed the faith of man sealed with his own blood. For whether the sacrifice be made in the temple or on the battlefield, it is his faith in the Unknown, the Unseen, the Inscrutable that renders mere life valueless and makes martyrdom possible. Every war, from the point of view of those who wage it, is a holy war. A nation changes, but never destroys, her gods; and when the gods thirst, the nation must bleed. This may be a survival of tribal superstition, a chronic delirium of pious savagery, an outburst of elemental passions long dormant or suppressed; but we must admit that whatsoever ennobles death has in it a potentiality that is unhuman,—and very often it reveals the divine.

The political problems of the Orient, therefore, like the economic problems of Europe and America, might yet have to be solved upon this principle of human sacrifice and regeneration. Impatient of the slow process of evolution, man will leap forth, sword or pike in hand, to give the State a jog or two. And not infrequently he succeeds. Even his mistakes have a positive value—are a source of light and power. To be sure, democracy, or a constitutional form of it at least, will yet triumph in the Orient; and socialism will be given a trial in the Occident; but neither democracy nor socialism

can walk serenely into power with a dove on her shoulder and lily in her hand. In every city of importance in the Orient to-day there is a revolutionary party struggling for power; in Japan, in China, in India, in the Near-East the voice of the people is beginning to be heard. And the Oriental despot is no longer secure in his divine rights, for the revolution has already a roll of martyrs to its credit. The gallows of the government, whether in Cairo or Delhi or Pekin, have more than once been answered with the bullets of despair or the pikes of rebellion. All is not well with the sovereign rulers, nor with their subject people.

"How long will you the tyrant tolerate
And at his door for mercy supplicate?
How long will you, with dust upon your brow,
Obey a wicked king or potentate.

"Awake, arise! Your heritage demand;
Unsheathe the sword, which, by divine command,
Was forged for the opprest. Why hesitate?
Allah himself has placed it in your hand."

The cry of the Arab poet, Abu'l-Ala, uttered ten centuries ago, is heard again to-day in the Far East. But the European War has overshadowed, even rendered negligible for the present, every other political movement. And whether it will have the ultimate effect of weakening the spirit of revolution or imparting to it new energy and strength, is yet to be seen. It is generally believed, however, that political and economic conditions will undergo a radical change after the War. But no change, however radical, if it is to be beneficial and permanent, can be absolutely detached in its spirit from the innate genius of a race, or run counter to the laws of evolution. Every nation has a spiritual entity represented in its traditions. And any change in the established order of things, however sudden and amazing, is not infrequently a development of new forces, whose growth had been unobserved, imperceptible. There can be no wild leaps either in nature or in the state. Even such measures as are forced upon us by a great catastrophe, an unprecedented cataclysm, are ramifications, deeply considered, of a cherished institution, or detours of self-defence or compromise or

defeat, or a continuation, perhaps modified, of previous strivings and achievements. In other words, the tendencies of the past, which are inextricably woven in the realities of national life, cannot be wholly shaken off or repudiated. And the initiation of a new order of things often includes the perpetuation of certain inborn, ingrained, indelible traits of a race. *The War may turn political currents into new channels, but it will not change the currents themselves; it may turn a throne upside down or a government inside out, but it can not modify one iota for beiter or for worse, the human element in the state; it may cause a radical, a material change in the economic and social tendencies of society, but it can not affect the human forces from which these tendencies spring.*

There will be, to be sure, a modification of things in general, a compromise of wild ambitions, a partial surrender of power—a gradual growth, in other words, in which social evolution will resume its wonted course. This is the only change, if we choose to call it so, that is natural and enduring, the only change that is wholesome and beneficial. And the European nations, even though disappointed in such an outcome, will submit to it, accept it, yea, welcome it, because they will be too exhausted after this greatest of struggles to be impatient or rebellious.

Not so the Oriental people for whom the spirit of revolution is beginning to have a fatal fascination. If howitzers and machine-guns, however, which are rapidly replacing the sword and pike, can destroy fortresses and thrones, they can not destroy a race, much less the traditions, the spirit of a race.

Arms may bring triumph and glory to a rising nation, but they do not furnish her with magic wings. An attempted flight, whether by the people or their rulers, is as fatal as it is in nature. Even in Europe, were a great nation to leap from militarism, for instance, clear to socialism, a counter-revolution would correct her extravagance, punish her folly. *So much more so in the Orient, where the power of tradition is supreme. Islam cannot rise in a day by a single leap or a*

flight from the quagmires of religious and social cants to the heights of science and reason. India cannot abolish her castes and establish equality among her people by an act of legislation or a revolution. In Japan we have an example of social evolution making its way through a process of elimination and selection. In China the spirit of indiscriminate radicalism has failed.

High-flying, especially in political ideals, is always disastrous. History has emphasized this truth. For while a time-honored tradition may be modified, even violated, it can not be wholly destroyed. It can be pruned, cut down, but not uprooted. This field in the Orient, which is infested with noxious and barren growths, must be weeded and scientifically cultivated—which is the business of all the modern reforms that were instituted before the War and that will be carried out after it. For though tradition in the Orient has a religious, a divine sanction, it is now beginning to be considered in its positive worth; it will be purified of all unrealities that it may have a quickening, vitalizing influence on modern life. Whether the War will have a positive effect upon this particular phase of development, is doubtful. Japan had undergone a substantial change before she tried her strength with Russia. The Ottoman Empire was fast on the decline before the Balkan War. Indeed, *war only hastens the process of either growth or decay.*

There was a time when the European could see nothing but tomfoolery in the religion of the Oriental; and the Oriental could see little except religious spirit in the European. But that time is past. We are now approaching some kind of mutual sympathy and understanding. It is becoming clear to the extremists, I had almost said the fanatics, on either side that Europe is superior in science, but not in philosophy—in those branches of knowledge that require observation and thought, not in those that require imagination and intuitive power. She is superior in military art, but not in the business of fighting. She has better mechanicians, tacticians, engineers, financiers and thinkers. This is a fact which the Oriental now realizes and to which he has sur-

rendered. The surrender is improving him. On the other hand, the Oriental has a better understanding and appreciation of elemental things, is more genuinely pious in the face of great calamities, more sincere in his faith, more ingenious too in invention, more capable of abstract reasoning. And this is a fact which the European is slowly realizing and to which he will ultimately surrender. The surrender will improve him also.

Moreover, the political and physical changes of the Orient in the last twenty years are also producing a corresponding change in the political and economical conditions of Europe and America. The Spanish-American War marks the beginning of a new United States. It bequeathed to the most democratic of governments one of the most difficult problems of autocratic Europe—the problem of colonization. And the government that has to embark on such a long journey, to the Philippine Islands, for instance, to justify its institutions and promote at the same time the welfare of millions of Mohammedans and Asiatics, cannot remain unchanged. A step once taken in this direction is seldom if ever retraced. The colonizing problem, therefore, is with this government for solution; and whatever way it may end, the adventure is now part of the national experience—it has entered into the national tradition. Whether the Philippine Islands are sold or kept or abandoned, therefore, makes little difference. This page of the nation's history cannot be effaced, nor can it be considered as detached from what precedes and what follows. Tradition goes down with the ages, undergoes with the national spirit a certain transformation, and is subject like it to the same development. A new United States has new needs, a new experience creates new duties and responsibilities.

If Japan is getting nearer to America in the Pacific, the Panama Canal is bringing America nearer to the Orient, to say nothing of its geographical significance as a possible southern boundary of this country in the future. For the chronic revolutions in the Latin States and the recurrent chaos and anarchy in Mexico and the little Island Republics,

are creating new political conditions—are becoming more involved in the destiny of the United States as a great world power. Indeed, as important perhaps as the commercial, is the political significance of the Canal. And an overland route to Panama is as natural as an overland route to the Pacific—as natural, too, that the cone of land west of the Gulf and the Caribbean should one day come into the sphere of American influence and control. I refer to this only to show how external conditions and new physical developments directly affect and transform the policy of a government, having a positive influence upon its most cherished institutions.

The Spanish-American War has created a new United States, the Russo-Japanese War, a new Asia, and the present War is bound to create a new Europe—is bound to give rise to a new consciousness in all the peoples that have been hitherto subject to European rule. This is a war of emancipation, despite the fact that already it has ruined and disinherited one of the little nations of Europe, conquered another, and is about to crush a third. *But Belgium and Poland and Serbia will recover yet their strength and ultimately reattain their freedom and independence. Liberty has survived greater empires in the past; it has risen triumphant over greater conquerors.*

The Orient, which has turned to Europe for light, will not altogether be disappointed. Already, in the Near-East at least, the effect of the War is evident; *on the wreck and ruin of a criminal Empire, England has laid the corner stone of a new Sultanate.* The Arab-speaking people of Syria, Egypt and Arabia are beginning to have a voice, a nationality, a political unit. They are slowly making themselves felt, slowly coming again to power. But their rise outside of Egypt at present is in proportion to the fall of the Turk. In Egypt, however, the newly established Sultanate has more than a political significance. It is gradually becoming the rallying-point, the center of gravity of Islam. And Islam, freed from the thrall of the Turks, will come under the enlightening and uplifting influence of civilization. It seems, perhaps, almost idle to say this at the present time. But civili-

zation has suffered greater interregnums in the past and has recovered from greater breakdowns.

Through this unspeakable carnage, this unprecedented massacre, through the blind elemental passions of races, through all the blood-arguments of powder and steel, through all the glooming, stifling prejudices of nations and individuals, I can see the eternal forces of the spirit, the ideals of the human soul and the human intellect, still struggling for universal domination, still rising from under the blood-dripping heels of the conqueror, though battered and bruised, to enlighten and guide the world.

And we in the East, at a less sacrifice perhaps than Europe, are destined to share in the fruits of this higher and nobler spirit of civilization. The idea of self-government and its ideals are no longer the exclusive heritage of any particular nation or people. The policy of colonization after this War will undergo a radical change; a development toward federation is inevitable. And there will be a law of nations by virtue of which the modern Oriental States will be considered on equal terms with those of Europe. The question then will be, not whether five thousand European soldiers, for instance, can keep in subjugation five million Asiatics, but whether the Asiatics can put to good use the millions of European capital. Benevolent assimilation will cease to be a sham, a makeshift, a pretext for conquest and aggrandizement.

Chastened by the War, the "Powers that be" will be more humane and just toward their subject people. Even to-day, the attitude of the United States Government in the Philippines is not that of ten years ago. England in India and Egypt will hardly be recognized in the future as the England of the past. The same will be true of France in Algiers and Tunis, Italy in Tripoli, Russia in the Caucasus. For the loyalty of the Oriental troops, Mohammedans, Christians, Heathens, is not actuated, to be sure, by political exigency or moral fear; it is the outcome of a growing sentiment, a sane and sober feeling, that, with the aid of Europe in the future, a new Orient, revived and revitalized, will emancipate

itself from the galling yoke of the old Orient. And whether in the Far-East or the Near-East, this will be the hope and the guerdon.

It must be said, however, that Germany at present is enlisting the forces of the old Orient; she is encouraging, perpetuating the iniquitous sway of enslaving despotisms and imbruiting cants. *But if the Turks are with her in this mighty struggle, Islam is not. The forces of progress and enlightenment that are destined to free the Orient and bring it under the sway of the higher spirit of civilization, are on the side of the Allies.* If Europe, therefore, betrays this new Orient after the War, or tries to thwart its higher aspirations, she will find that she has new conditions to overcome, new forces to contend with. For the Oriental troops that are fighting for her bravely, heroically, with her own sons, are doing so, it might be said, for a common cause. And when, afterwards, the resouces of Europe will have been exhausted, her energies depleted, the Oriental people will remain strong enough to pursue their new course of life. But they have reactions, old regimes, forces of ignorance and stolidity and greed to cope with, too; and I can not conceive of a new Europe allying herself with the old Orient to defeat the hopes and aspirations of the young Orient. I am convinced that the spirit that will rise triumphant out of this wreck of nations and empires, will neither be European nor Asiatic—it will be supremely human.

The civilizing, humanizing influences will be more genuine than in the past, more effective, more encompassing. Ever since the Battle of Arbella it has been the aim and purpose of European nations to dominate the Orient and exploit it to their own exclusive good. After this War, it will be the aim and purpose of European nations to co-operate with the Orient in a common cause for the triumph of political and social and economical ideals in both continents,—for the general welfare of the human race. More pernicious than the militarism of Europe are the tyrannies and the castes and the cants of the Orient. The world, therefore, cannot afford to destroy the one and continue to tolerate the other: And we

know that a people who free themselves from the galling yoke of one despotism will not readily submit to another, whether native or foreign.

On the other hand, no nation can separate herself entirely from her past. France, who tried to do so a century ago, paid dearly for the experiment—which, after all, did not wholly succeed. The First Revolution sapped her spiritual energy, the Napoleonic Wars exhausted her material strength. And she struggled aimlessly after that, floundered without an anchor, without a faith, without a national spiritual entity, until finally she almost lost the initiative in Europe. France drifted for a hundred years from the quickening sources of her genius and traditions, and the drift was mistaken even by some of her great men for progressive movement. But now we have a new France, a united France —united not only in the political sense, but in the historical and philosophical meaning, united, in a word, with her past. *The France of to-day is the France of Jean d'Arc and the First Republic. Indeed, France has found herself again; she has recovered her faith; she has justified her genius. The cleavage of a century is bridged at last, and La Patrie is no longer a Goddess of Reason vaunting the red cap of atheism and revolt, nor a St. Genevieve advancing in her rusty antiquity, but a beautiful blending of the spirit of both, a divine duality of reason and faith.*

And it is this France, not that of the Reign of Terror, which the Orient will take as a model, because its new spirit is better suited to the Oriental nature and is more in harmony with its principles of growth and development.

But this slow, subtle process of elimination and transformation in all social, political and religious reforms, is often misleading to the Occidental mind. The undercurrents are seldom seen or seldom understood. We seem to think that the development of Japan, for instance, is strictly speaking only material—is more political, at least, than spiritual. True, Japan remains a monarchy clinging to her ancient traditions. But the abolition of the daimios and the samurai, the feudal nobility and the fighting caste, the promulgation

of a Constitution, the introduction of scientific methods in her various fields of endeavor, these, to be sure, are more than physical signs of development. To the outside world, however, the faith of Japan remains unchanged; but to the Oriental eye and instinct the undercurrents present a most interesting phenomenon. How far can Japan succeed in blending her ancient spirituality and culture with modern material tendencies and achievements?

She is the first Asiatic nation that has taken this course, and those who are observing her closely seem to think that there is trouble yet ahead. But the nation that succeeds in balancing her forces is the very one that does not wholly disregard her spiritual heritage, her time-honored traditions, but leavens with that healthy and vitalizing part of them her modern material aspirations and achievements. And among the five principles of what might be called the Magna Charta of new Japan, promulgated by the Emperor in 1868, which marks the end of the Shogun era, is that absurd old usages must be abandoned and righteousness must rule. This reveals the true characteristic of modern reforms, whether in Japan, China, India, or Arabia. But which of her traditions should be retained and which discarded, every nation must decide for herself. There is an inscrutable something in spiritual growth and decay which is not wholly amenable to reason, which does not admit of scientific argument. But this subtle, elusive, almost mystical element is not altogether unintelligible to the instinctive genius of a race.

The mediaeval and the modern, then, are now being tried together in the Far-East by Japan and in the Near-East by that prominent section of Mohammedanism that has inherited the Prophet's tongue—by the Arab-speaking people, by Young Arabia, which has already laid the corner stone of its Empire in Egypt. And whatever the outcome of the War, in Europe or in the Orient, the ultimate effect of it in the Near-East will be the passing away of the Evil Spirit of the Bosphorus, which for centuries occupied the most impregnable and the most picturesque position in the world.

Under the mara of Tartarism a scene of incomparable

beauty, indeed, has become a Juhannam of human passions and political crimes. But the end is near, Allah be praised. For that scarlet Gorgon, who made a footstool of the throne of Solomon, a bed-chamber of the Sanctuary of Christendom; that libidinous Priestess, with Jerusalem, Mecca, and St. Sophia as niches in her unholy temple, jewels in her blood-stained crown; that Basilisk under whose breath a happy verdant land became a howling desert, whose poison coursed through the veins of her bonds-people up to the fountain-head of justice and truth—that blear-eyed, foul-mouthed, horny-handed, steotapygous, carniverous Gorgon of the Osmanly, who choked the Bosphorus with her victims and drained the coffers of the state on her midnight revels and crimes, is passing away forever from the face of the earth. *Allah be praised a thousand times and one!*

The country that lies between the East and West, the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, the cradles of the most ancient civilizations, can still boast of a race, though long in bondage, that is undying, unconquered—a race regenerated and revitalized, rising again to justify its brilliant heritage and to co-operate with Europe in promoting the new civilization, the civilization that will combine between the spiritual and the material forces of the Orient and the Occident.

AMERICAN IN VERY TRUTH

ROBERT M. WERNAER

WE must be true, we must renew
Our solemn vows, we must be true!
True as the very prairie grass,
True as the very soil, and mass
Of rock, which sun and air have wrought:
Growing without a thought,
Truly American!

True to historic days, the flow
And national ebb of times ago!
True to the very drops of life,
True to the battles fought, the strife
Of anguished years to make man free:
Loving our Liberty,
Truly American!

True to the Lincoln man, the love-chart
Of a great, empassioned human heart!
True to the very cry of our Soul,
True to the final far-out goal
Of struggling man,—knowing no race:
Lighted by a brother's face,
Truly American!

We must be true, we must renew
Our solemn vows, we must be true!
True to the very stars above,
True to a deep-inspired love
For God's great laws,—with unfaltering breath:
Dying a true man's death,
Truly American!

LORD DUNSANY, DREAMER

EMMA GARRETT BOYD

IN an age of materialism, to invent a new mythology; from out the roar of subways to take one on a thin sheet of paper soaring above time and space and the dim eternals,—this it is given to few among mortals to do. And no one of our own time has taken us so far nor to such strange new spaces as Lord Dunsany,—a Celtic soldier-poet who is easily the most original and the most fanciful, if not the most imaginative, of living writers.

This prince of modern dreamers was born in 1878, oddly enough a lord of the stolid British Empire, succeeding his father as heir to an ancient barony created by Henry the Sixth in the middle of the 15th Century. Dunsany inherits, thus, a high aristocratic tradition, emphasized by his marriage to a daughter of the Earl of Jersey; he inherits, too, a military tradition from both lines of his parentage, and he has followed this tradition by holding a lieutenancy in the Coldstream Guards, by active service in the South African War, and by serving, at present, as captain in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Not only a soldier but exceedingly fond of sports and hunting, Dunsany, in spite of his strange imagination, is emphatically not a mawkish sentimentalist but a virile, out-of-door man. "We used always to waste the first part of the summer in London," he writes an American friend, "and then come home and play cricket and stalk rabbits with a small rifle; then, about September, go on visits to Scotland or Yorkshire, deer-stalking or shooting grouse; then home again to spend the winter fox-hunting or shooting snipes, woodcock, golden plover, or pheasants,—a dull bird."

He is fond of big game hunting, too, and has shot in the Sahara and the mountains of Africa. "But I never write of these things," he adds, "because anyone can do that. A night in the forest hunting lions or rhinoceros-charging has

been experienced by several—probably, it is not beyond the scope of Thomas Cook and Son to provide."

Active, virile, aristocratic, our poet-dreamer often waxes sarcastic, especially at towns and trade. He hates England's "prosperous, wealthy, detestable towns" whose smoke "all day long troubles the holy sky"; towns with their strange fever of hurry; towns that have in their length and breadth "nothing that is good for a soul to see"; towns that have driven away "all the lovely forests and the furry, creeping things." Never does he lose a chance to jibe at trade nor "Those advertisements of pills that are so dear to England."

At times, Dunsany's irony becomes quite personal. Apparently, he has found England somewhat slow to recognize his own strangely creative spirit. "In England," he writes to the same correspondent, "We prefer our dead poets. You know where you are with a dead man. He will never do or say unexpected things. And that is so comforting. My own name, indeed, appears in the catalogues of The London Library, but only on account of a naval treatise written by my grandfather, who was born in 1804. I often look forward to the days when The London Library will discover me, too, for I feel that their discovery will give pleasure to my grandson."

Dunsany's nervous energy is witnessed by his method of writing, which is done at great speed and rarely oftener than three days a month. More than once, he has written a one-act play at a single sitting. Already, he has published seven volumes, while a number of other manuscripts, more or less carelessly set afloat in the hands of friends, bear witness to his astonishing fertility of imagination.

"The Gods of Pegana" (1905), "Time and the Gods" (1906), "The Sword of Welleran" (1908), "A Dreamer's Tales" (1910), "The Book of Wonder" (1912), "Five Plays" (1914), "Fifty-One Tales" (1915),—these are all treasure-trove; strange pallid pearls in our time—books to dream over and gloat upon at midnight hours and to pass over cherishingly to those spirits that are choice and rare.

As yet, Lord Dunsany is little known in America for his tales. Yet it is doubtful whether, in future, he will stand as high for his plays as for his intangible, slight, atmospheric stories of mortals braving the super-mortals who dwell in dim spaces and of their terror and crushing defeats —yes, even of men's piteous willingness to accept as gods the strange towering things of stone that bear chisel marks but that, because of long years of sacrificial offerings and belief, are none the less deities, mocking mere men. His stories are tales of terror, of atmosphere, of the eternal verities, set with gem-like, highly connotative phrases, full of deep poetic beauty, but concerned nowhere so much with men as with men's elder brethren the stars.

The plays of Lord Dunsany have been produced in England by Beerbohm Tree, by the wonderful Manchester Company, and by the Irish Players; in America, while promised professional production next fall, they have been seen by few save those who have ventured to Philadelphia for The Stage Society or to the slum surroundings of New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, or have ascended to the roof of The Century Theater for the productions of The Comedy Club.

"The Gods of the Mountain" is a wonderful and thrilling play of seven beggars who proclaim themselves the seven jade gods that sit upon the mountain; but, at the height of their rejoicing in their happy scheme and in lavished votive offerings, seven green Things stride in with stony footfalls, walking with knees wide apart, as having sat cross-legged for centuries, and, pointing accusing fingers, they smite the seven beggars into stone. The play has a curious, Dunsany-like turn at the end; for, after the beggars have become stone, the sceptical among the populace who had doubted their divinity come in and fall prostrate before them crying: "They were the true gods!"

This play relates itself closely to the still unpublished "Night at an Inn," recently superbly produced at The Neighborhood Playhouse, in which play four rascally sailors who have stolen a ruby eye from the head of an idol take refuge in a lonely English inn; are pursued by three priests

of the idol, whom they kill; and then by the Thing itself; which takes back its eye, goes out of the room—and then, one by one, calls the thieves out into the darkness, into which, struggling as against hypnotic power, they vanish utterly.

" The Glittering Gates," though perhaps oftenest played of Dunsany's plays, is a less worthy trifle. It is the tale of two burglars who jimmy their way into the gates of heaven and then complain that they are cheated and that heaven is nothing but stars.

" King Arginenes and The Unknown Warrior " is the grim but dramatic tale of a prehistoric enslaved king who finds, in his digging, an old bronze sword, hits it, vows it in consecration to the unknown warrior once its owner and, brandishing the sword, leads his fellow-slaves victoriously in rebellion; but is overcome by his old slave-hunger at the end, when he hears of the death of the king's dog, on whose bones the slaves were to have been fed.

In " The Golden Doom," two little children, praying at the sacred door of the king for a little hoop to play with, write on the door with a lump of gold a verse that is taken by the prophets as a portent of the kingdom's fall, so that the king renounces his crown and scepter to save his kingdom, laying the two before the doorway, where the little boy finds them and trundles them happily away.

" The Tents of the Arabs," with its exquisite love lyrics and descriptions of the desert, while of all the plays the most conventional, is the most poetic and lovely,—the tale of a king who longs for the desert and who, after a little year of freedom there, welcomes an Arab impostor and wanders back with his gypsy love, abandoning his throne.

In all these plays, there is a profound interweaving of the things of destiny, a sense of great forces beyond mortals that must be propitiated, an ironic melange of exquisite poetry and the most modern realism, a jewel-like beauty of phrase, a succinct and graphic power of exposition, and a power to create moods in a few phrases that has never been surpassed. Superstition—the one great poetic motif still comparatively unexploited—Dunsany uses constantly; and,

through his plays and stories, stands a tragic Hamlet-like king, perhaps doing the work of a king for years, while all the while the desert calls, perhaps bitterly thinking that his crown should be beaten into a chain and his scepter into a stake, but always facing a tragic doom from ironic forces greater than man. "For I have not met my equal among men, that a man should overthrow me," says the King in the "Golden Doom," and I have not oppressed my people, that a man should rise up against me. Let it be said of me, 'The Gods overthrew him, and they sent a god for his doom.'"

In Dunsany's plays, as in his stories, there is one great dominant—an ironic juxtaposition—generally, a juxtaposition of impious mortals with the great Things that sit above—always a juxtaposition and one ironically put. In "The Tents of the Arabs," there is a king who longs for the desert, set against an Arab who longs to be king; in "The Golden Doom," the writing of two little children is the cause of an empire's fall; in King Arginenes, a slave overthrows a king and then hungers for bones, like a slave; in "The Gods of the Mountain" and "A Night at an Inn," the immortal deities, though only stone idols, stalk out of the darkness to revenge horribly an impious deed done to them.

Dunsany has appeared as a prodigy in our unimaginative age, yet he has certain literary analogies that are interesting to trace. To Wedekind, he is allied in the use of strange, ironic symbolism; to Poe, in his power to create an atmosphere of terror; to Lafcadio Hearn in a delicate artistry of phrase and a fatalistic philosophy of sorrow; to Kipling, otherwise his very pole, in his orientalism, in his wandering in weird by-paths, in his love of high-lights in tale-telling; to Barrie, occasionally, in whimsey, as "The Loot of Bombarsharna"; to the less known Strindberg of "Advent" and "The Dream Play" in the spaciousness of his imagination and his challenging deities and sense of the sorrow of life; to James Stephens in his fantastic melange of poetry, irony, and philosophy; in the striding gods among the modern figures of his tales.

Dunsany's two greatest analogues, however, are per-

haps Maeterlinck and William Blake,—that strange, half-mad Blake who wandered in heaven and hell, writing prophetic books, picturing them marvellously; like Dunsany, creating new gods, naming them strange names.

So, too, to Maeterlinck, Dunsany is somewhat akin. As Maeterlinck has dramatized terror in "The Intruder" and "The Death of Tintagiles," so Dusany has made terror his dominant, in a whole range of stories and tales. Both writers take us to strange worlds—Maeterlinck to one remotely mediaeval: Dunsany, to one that suggests Assyria, Babylonia, and ancient Egypt. Both deal with the eternal verities,—Maeterlinck with the eternal verity of love; Dunsany, with the great eternities of time and space and gods that watch the fall of cities and even the coming of man "From under eyebrows white with years." Both writers have that power of showing the things of the eternal under the thin guise of the transitory that we call symbolism; both are thoroughly pagan, with an abode of spirits that still lean wistfully toward the warm, sunny earth.

In the literary influences traceable upon Dunsany, there is a surprising dearth of the Celtic legend that has so inspired the modern Irish movement; Dunsany scarcely borrows from this legacy; his is, rather, the spirit of the olden tale-tellers who made legends themselves, and whose legends we but dustily inherit.

The great influence upon Dunsany's work is not Celtic but Oriental. The cheat tale,—a characteristic Oriental tale,—is abundant; it is set in Oriental settings of a dim past; it is told with Oriental opulence of color and often with Oriental forms of speech.

The source of Dunsany's thoroughly pagan inspiration is, oddly enough, the Bible. Never were Biblical religious precepts more opposed than in these idol-filled tales of unknown gods and of doubt. Yet never was a Biblical inspiration more directly traceable. For these are tales of the eternals to whom man is but a small thing; strange tales full of heathen gods and heathen idols, but always told with a sense of the great wideness beyond man.

The Bible was, avowedly, Dunsany's model, and he shows its influence not only in his thought but in his style, as in the directness of his narration, its succinctness and graphic quality, the fine flavor of his old Saxon words, even the use of the typical Hebraic parallelism.

It is doubtful whether Dunsany has yet found himself absolutely, whether the play or the story will be his final medium; and a considerable group of his writings, notably those in "The Sword of Welleran" is experimental, if not imitative, in form.

As "The Fall of Babbulkund" is unquestionably Biblical in inspiration; so, in "The Kith of the Elf Folk," we get a suggestion of the Undine myth. In "The Highwaymen" —suggested, perhaps, by Verlaine's poem—we have one of the most stirring ballads in English, a ballad written wholly in prose but with all the ballad feeling and with a distinct ballad refrain.

Indeed, the poetry of Dunsany's prose is abundantly witnessed not only by its subject-matter but by the use of devices generally restricted to verse. Alliteration is abundant; in "The City of Never" he falls unconsciously into a sagameter far more rhythmic than that of most *vers libre*.

Looking upon Dusany as a modern Irishman and attempting to trace in him the characteristic Irish traits, we find that, of them all, humor is the one most modified. Rarely or never does it exist sunnily, as in "The Loot of Bombarsharna." Almost always it is transmuted into a grim irony. But the religious or mystic sense of the Celt, Dusany has profoundly.

Sometimes he is distinctly symbolic, as in "The Sorrow of Search." But always he sees life first in terms of the spiritual—man as a tiny mote in a fathomless, perhaps purposeless, will; time as a little fleck in a measureless eternity. The Celtic melancholy, the Celtic "Longing for infinite things" is his above all modern writers. Never, indeed, could life be aught but melancholy, dominated, as he sees it, by hidden gods that delight in the shriek of sacrifice upon the altar and in the doom of men. The Celtic imagination

Dunsany has, too, and one of the greatest, though not one of the most shaping; extravagance, beyond any other Celt, save possibly Synge. And, indeed, while Dunsany is too young yet, too experimental, to be finally classed among the Celts, it is to Synge obviously and to James Stephens that the future will most closely relate him. Less human, far less great as a tale teller than Synge, he has yet Synge's irony, Synge's sorrow, —perhaps even greater creative power amid all his chaos of form.

What, then, is Dunsany's imagination? Why does it arrest us as a portent in our barren time? What has he given us that others have not given? What has he given that will last?

Popularly, the word imagination is used in two distinct ways. In the one sense—in contradistinction to realism—Dunsany has more imagination than any other living writer. But, in another sense, when speaking of great imaginative writers, we do undoubtedly imply a certain architectural quality, a power to reject all that is superfluous to the pattern, to create a cosmos rather than a chaos—a stern self-mastery that Pater meant by "The artist's sense of responsibility to his material." If imagination be used in this latter sense, Dunsany must be rated as fanciful, rather than greatly imaginative; he gives us a new universe, but it is a chaotic universe. His greatest power is suggestive, rather than creative; his greatest field the unfathomable and the unseen.

With the sense gifts, however, on which the great supersense imagination is built, Dunsany is richly endowed. His sense of color is splendid and barbaric, reminding one of the modern Russians; his sense of sound is especially keen. In the tale of one of his magical cities, mounting dream-like into unknown skies, we have jewelers who sing the song of the ruby, the song of the sapphire, the song of the amethyst; kings who are awakened by music and borne to the bath with silver tinkling bells—a very symphony of sound in all the streets. Dunsany is reverent toward music; it is the god of music who discovers the lost sun-ball and saves the world from darkness; and the fingers of a harper "Tramp over the

chords as the gods tramp over the skies." Sound-sensitiveness, a sense of beauty, and a profound sense of the supermortal—these are fundamental characteristics of Dunsany. One is reminded of the plea of the little elf-sprite: "Take my soul: it is a beautiful soul. It can worship God, and it knows the meaning of music, and it can imagine paradise."

Indeed, Dunsany not only imagines paradise in these strange dream-cities, but he has an unrivalled power to conceive immensities. His gods go "Striding through the stars"; Tintaggon, the vast black mountain coming to their help, "Leaves a wake of twilight in his trail"; to Charon, at his endless task till the last mortal is ferried over, "It is a matter, not of years nor of centuries, but of wide floods of time."

In Dunsany, as in no other writer save the old Chinese Taoists, one is made to conceive inconceivable immensities.

"When I look for a beginning," says Chuang Tzu, a thousand years before Christ, "I find only infinite time. And when I look forward to an end, I find only infinite time."

Dunsany, too, has this sense of infinity. *And this is his greatest gift—that he has taken us out into great, star-girt spaces and showed us, not the greatness, but the infinite littleness of man.*

Considering Dunsany's intangible subject-matter, his imagination has an incredible vividness—the very wind that blows up over the edge of the world has a strange, metallic taste from the wandering stars. It is a highly romantic imagination, too: nature not only takes its coloring from the beholder's mood, as in the romantic poets, but it anticipates and forebodes. When the three thieves set forth to rob the gods, the "Bare and ominous crags wear the appearance of an unuttered threat." Incongruity, as we have said, is his very delight.

Lifted up to the very heights of romance, we are dropped with a thud into some mid-Victorian parlor. In a delightful cabbage-patch at the end of the world, The Old Man Who Looks after Fairyland empties his slops upon the southern cross.

Terror no imagination has conceived nor bodied forth more vividly nor with greater economy of means. In a single half page of Tommy Tonker's adventure as he goes forth to rob the gnomes we have a crescendo of terror, a vividness of contrast of faint sounds with a supernatural silence, a gripping power of apprehension never surpassed, perhaps, in any one page.

Suggestiveness, too, he can handle incomparably and often in a single phrase. Never was huge beast more effectively described than by Dunsany's " Something so huge that it seemed unfair to man that it could move so softly, stalking in the darkness past the three thieves,"—never terror of mortals more completely than by their one half-formed thought, of " If—If—If! "

His imagination, too, has a humorous quaintness. A nice old pirate captain discovers and thoughtfully anchors a drifting island, captures a queen and floats away with her,—all very comfortably and cosily in a very Barrie-esque sort of way. And over the edge of the world there dwells a certain disreputable idol, who knows nothing of idol etiquette and will grant prayers that no self-respecting idol would ever consent to hear.

Of sheer beauty in imagination, there is abundance. " The Legend of the Dawn " is surely the loveliest dawn-legend ever invented. It is the tale of Inzana the dawn-goddess who has a golden ball given her by the gods for a plaything and whose tossing of it across the heavens makes the very first day. Yes, and of the Pleiades and the stars being made and borne by the gods for torches to hunt the golden ball of Inzana, when it has been lost and hidden by envious shadows and mountains.

Dunsany's figures, too, are full of beauty. Who can forget that the heat of the desert " Departs from it suddenly, like a bird? " Who, having read Dunsany, can ever see the evening star other than as coming " Mouse-like into view " ?

His imagination is eerie past credence. Witness the strange goddess Sombelene dwelling hard by her tomb, or the Sphinx in her rotting house of terror, with her Deed

hidden under a cloak. It is an imagination that creates strange personification:—the thunder that puts his nose to the ground and bays along the valleys; the earthquake, asleep, loath to rouse, grunting deep under the earth; the famine with dry, bright eyes, purring and creeping closer and closer till he dares, at last, take man for his food.

Finally, it is an intensely creative imagination:—The Edge of the World, heavens full of ironic gods, Dubious Land, Zretazoola of the climbing ways, mysterious domains of idols and deities—all these Dunsany has created for us and named by names that are incomparable and that are connotative beyond belief. Names that seem, as someone has said, to have had all the attrition of centuries of use.

Motivating all that he writes is a sense of the sorrow of life. The gods are but playing a game that for mortals is life and death; men go groping back to them, praying vainly for little precious hours that are gone; they go searching down long ways for the true gods and, at the end, find only a little squeaking god in a void, crying shrilly "I know not! I know not!"

What, then, is this man? How shall we rate him? Who gives us a literature of moods, not of men; of strange, starry spaces, not of human beings in little nooks? If Pope with his eighteenth century didacticism be right and "The proper study of mankind is man," then is this man not one of us and, hating all strange creatures, we shall probably stone him forth.

But if to have created a new universe of deities be something, if to have stretched the sense of infinity; if to have quickened a sense of the brevity and sorrow of life, then is Dunsany a great poet. Not interested in man, primarily, he will never be a

> "Priest to us all
> O' the wonder and bloom o' the world."

Yet is he a priest of great spaces, with a creed that, in all pessimism, has an overwhelming sense of the infinite and is a worship of the years to come. Even at his heights, however, Dunsany writes with a sardonic irony: for this is no

seer of old, burnt with a consuming message, but the product of a sophisticated age, self-conscious. His, verily, is "A soul that hath the walls of piled centuries for guard."

Such is Lord Dunsany—strange soldier, poet, dreamer—now in Londonderry Barracks waiting a call that may send him, like the rest of the flower of Europe, to his doom. What war must mean to a sensitive poet-spirit, he has told us in his "Sword of Welleran":

"O sword, sword, how horrible thou art! Thou art a terrible thing to have come among men! How many eyes shall look upon gardens no more, because of thee! How many fields must go empty that might have been fair with cottages—white cottages, with children all about them! How many valleys must go desolate that might have nursed warm hamlets,—because thou hast slain, long since, the men that might have built them! I hear the wind crying against thee, O sword! It comes from empty valleys! It comes over the bare fields. There are children's voices in it. They were never born. Death brings an end to crying to those that had life once, but these must cry forever. O sword, sword, why did the gods send thee among men?"

Dunsany, too—and it is bitter to think it—is now one of the many beautiful poet-souls staked on this terrible War. As he writes of the Irish peasant, Francis Ledwidge: "All his future books lie on the knees of the gods. May they not be the only readers!"

And we, knowing Dunsany's strange rare gifts and loving them—we who have trodden the stars in his company, even were it only to hear, among them, the laughter of mocking gods—we must surely echo this prayer, that the gods may not soon gather to them the dreamer of these strange, beautiful dreams.